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The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 14. [PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.] WEEK ENDING FEBRUARY 6, 1909. ONE PENNY.

HARRY HALL

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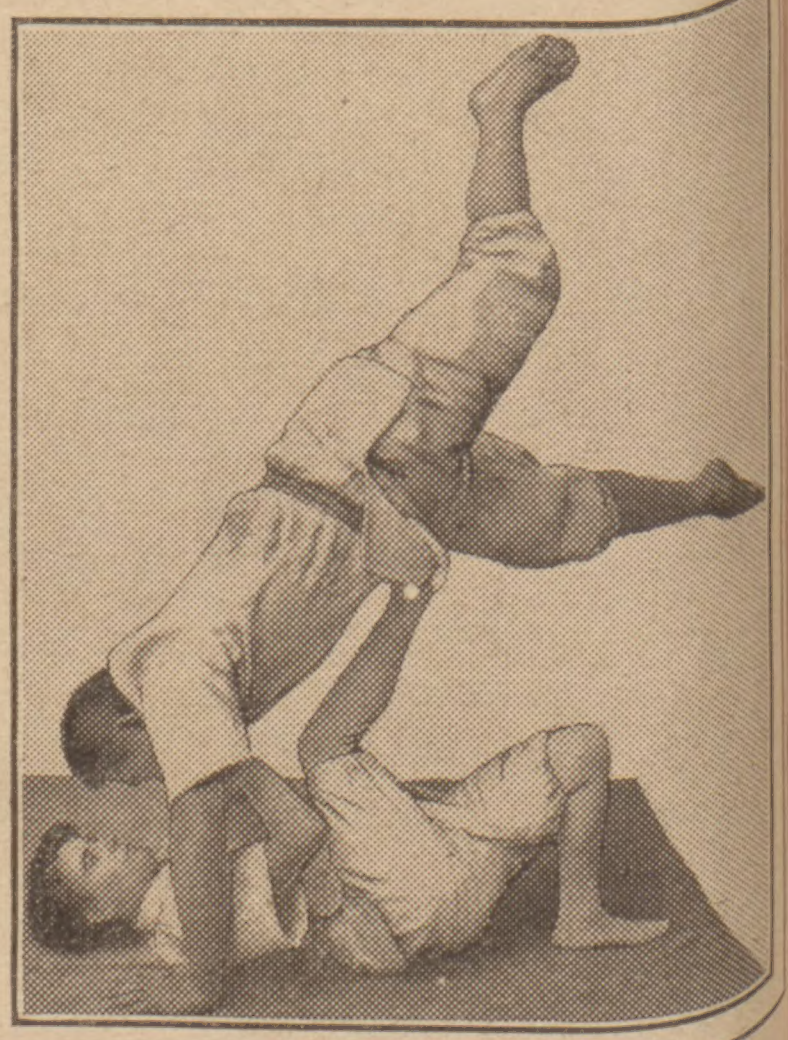

The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

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No. 14. WEEK ENDING FEBRUARY 6TH, 1909. ONE PENNY.

SWAG AUCTIONS.

ANOTHER EXPOSURE.

There are two great types of swindler—one who defies the law, and the other who keeps just within the letter of it. An excellent example of the latter class is frequently afforded in people who rent empty shops in busy streets and start selling alleged bankrupt stock by auction.

Virginia cigarettes, richly adorned with gilt lettering and packed in showy boxes containing a hundred each, can be had at such places for a shilling. This works out at something like eight a penny, an impossible price for cigarettes made of tobacco, but these are not so made; they are filled with dried grass and strips of yellow paper, cut up in such a way as to imitate straight-cut tobacco almost exactly.

If you examine the cigarettes closely you will find some sort of fancy title and trade mark upon them, but the name of the maker never appears—a sure sign that they are of the worst quality, which fact you quickly realise when you begin to smoke them.

The only thing you can do with them is to give them to your enemies.

A terrible revenge, indeed!

It is just the same with pipes. You will get a briar from the swag auctioneer for sevenpence, and after you have smoked it twice you will find that there is a hole burnt through the side of it.

The average man believes that these people are frauds, but he has also heard that they allow certain articles to go at bargain prices in order to draw a crowd, and he thinks himself clever enough to pick out these special lots. This idea is very profitable to the swindler, but it has no foundation in fact. These rogues never sell anything at a loss, and however little you pay you are wasting your money in patronising them.

Their stock is specially manufactured for this trade, and is of the cheapest material and roughest workmanship possible. They do not buy bankrupt stocks. That is merely a blind to lead you to think you are getting a bargain.

A pair of alleged gold sleeve-links can be had for about half-a-crown. You see the hall-mark on them and know that the auctioneer dare not forge that. Here is the explanation. The links are made hollow, and consist of the thinnest possible film of gold. They are then sent to be officially stamped, and when they come back the hollow cases are filled with lead. Thus you get the impression that the links you are buying are strong and substantial, whereas they are merely lead with a covering of gold, and will go all to pieces in a week or two.

The business has developed so enormously that it is becoming a serious menace to the respectable tradesmen whose shops are near. The only way of defeating the aims of these harpies is to warn the public of their wiles. The Glasgow police have sandwichmen to parade in front of their shops with placards "Beware of bogus auctions." Other towns please copy.

A. TERRY.

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CHEEK.

Fleet-Street, we learn, is to be lighted by high pressure gas. From the "Daily Mail" or the "Express?" Which?

* * * * * * *

Major W. P. Drury, part-author of "TheFlag Lieutenant," and a retired officer of Marines, in which he did good service, is reported as saying: "If a German division were to land they would walk through this country like a Sunday-school treat." German sausage rolls in hand, we suppose, and—like the elderly spinster, who was announced to sing, "Put Me in My Little Bed"—"accompanied by the curate." Really, Major Drury should tell this tale to that distinguished and amphibious corps to which he was formerly an ornament.

* * * * * * *

"Parliament," says Mr. Victor Grayson, M.P., "was the greatest disillusionment I have ever suffered in my life." He thought Parliament would put up with his nonsense.

* * * * * * *

Half the adventuresses of Europe are practising the "simple country maiden" pose. But they are a day after the fair—Violet.

* * * * * * *

In his new and delightful comedy, "Penelope," Mr. W. Somerset Maugham tells us that the way to manage a husband is to give him his head, and when he goes out not to ask him where he is going or when he will be back. It sounds like the way to manage a modern wife also.

* * * * * * *

"Mr. Taft on Golf," is the heading of a newspaper paragraph. By all accounts it would not be so very difficult to have "Golf on Mr. Taft."

* * * * * * *

The Army aeroplane, we learn, has "soared" a height of ten feet above the ground. Our impression is, however, that it is still a sore disappointment.

* * * * * * *

What a wonderful capacity we have for being surprised! We never for a moment seem to expect cold in winter, rain in spring, or heat in summer—judging, anyway, by the fuss the Press makes over the occurrence of either "phenomenon."

* * * * * * *

"When I see a man swelling, I let him swell," says Judge Smyly. Naturally, all's well at the Bow and Shoreditch County Court.

* * * * * * *

Germans have discovered the walls of Jericho. This is as it should be as it is generally understood now that it was the hideous noise of a very early German band that caused the walls of Jericho to fall.

* * * * * * *

Mr. D. A. Thomas, M.P., describes his fellow Welsh members as "tame cats." Thomas cat yourself, say the Welsh members.

* * * * * * *

The Kaiser's generals have given him a vote of confidence. Confiding lot, aren't they?

NORMAN FRASER.

SPORT AND THE MAN.

His limbs were cast in manly mould,
For hardy sports or contest bold.—SCOTT.

What, after all, does sport do for a man? Does it afford him merely a pleasant means of passing an idle hour? Is it just an entertainment, like the theatre or the dance?

There are many who say that sport is just that—nothing more.

Such a verdict could never be pronounced by the sportsman, however humble, nor even by a man who had just tasted genuine sport—real sport, mind you, not a dull conventional imitation of it.

The charm of sport is so apparent, so convincing, when once you have tried it, that the sportsman does not trouble to think of its claims, nor does he bother about justifying his liking. He loves sport, and that is enough for him.

It is to the man who has never taken up sport that I am addressing this message. He ought to take it up. Why?

In every healthy man there is the underlying animal instinct, showing itself in various ways, but in none more notably than in his desire to hunt something, or to excel in athletic contests.

There is no money in doing this; but he does not want it. He makes his money in working hours; in his leisure he is a sportsman—he is living the joyous section of his life.

Here you have the first and the best reason why a man should go in for sport; in it he gratifies a strong and a natural instinct; he allows his character to expand as it was meant to do.

The mental aspect of sport is not sufficiently understood.

Sport, if it is of the genuine sort, makes a man of a man.

If he is rich and can afford it, he hunts; if he is less plentifully blessed with this world's goods, he boxes or goes in for cross-country running.

In either case he makes himself a better man. The pettiness of business life is forgotten; living close to nature, breathing the fresh air, his body tingling with the blood that his exercise sends coursing through it, he is at his summit of manhood, his thoughts are as generous as they are capable of becoming, his heart is as warm as it ever will be.

He is, and he feels, a man.

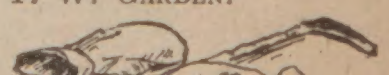
If sport can do that for you, surely it is worth while.

By affording you a new interest—an interest right outside your work—it makes life brighter and fuller and refreshes your mind.

There are other things it does also. It makes you strong physically, for it demands sustained exertion. It makes you brave, for you have to fight against a hundred minor difficulties and hardships. It makes you worth more to yourself and everybody else.

To every man I would say with all the strength that is in me: Be a sportsman.

T. W. GARDEN.



BIG GAME FISHING.

SOME CATCHES THAT WOULD MAKE OUR HOME ANGLERS SIT UP.

Hunting the monsters of the deep is as exciting, and almost as dangerous, as the pursuit of the denizens of the jungle; moreover it is very much cheaper.

Probably the most revolting of all sea animals is the devil fish. It is simply a gigantic sea spider, with a jelly-like head armed with a parrot-like mouth, set where eight gigantic tentacles meet.

When fishing for it you bait your hook with mullet, and your line must be as strong as an average clothes rope. It is by no means easy to know when you have hooked a devil fish, for, unlike most others, it does not immediately bolt when it finds something sticking in its jaw. Perhaps the only indication you receive is some slight movement of the line. When you try to pull it in, however, the devil fish grasps a rock or coral reef with its tentacles and sticks to the bottom tenaciously.

PLAYING HIM.

It is simply useless for you to fix your line to the side of the boat and row away, for the line would snap long before the devil fish released its hold. Your only hope is either to break off the coral piece by piece with the boat's grapnel, or to jab off the devil fish by means of an oar.

When you finally dislodge it your troubles are not at an end. The fish comes easily to the surface, for its resistance in the water is small. As soon as you get it to the side of the boat it endeavours to climb aboard. Woe betide you if it succeeds!

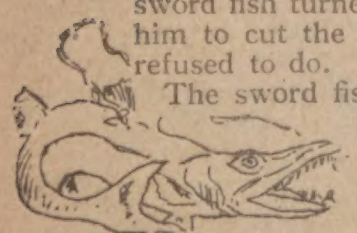
You beat at it with your oars and the boat hook; you cut off the tentacles that have come over the side, if you have been wise enough to provide yourself with an axe. Then the devil fish attaches itself to the bottom of the boat, and nothing you can do will dislodge it. With its hundreds of suckers it clings there like a vice, and as you row ashore a wriggling tentacle will come over the side and endeavour to grasp your leg.

A DIRTY JOB.

Once ashore, however, you pull up on the beach, and the devil fish gradually moves from the middle to the stern and finally drops off. You then dispatch it with a well directed blow on the body. It is perfectly helpless on the beach, or in shallow water with a sandy bottom, for it must have something hard to cling to before it can offer resistance. It is a dirty game fishing for these sea devils, for when everything else fails them they will squirt you with ink; they are, moreover, so repulsive to look at that one unaccustomed to them will become sick at the sight of them.

The sword fish is another tough customer to deal with. Generally he is fished for with a small harpoon, to which is attached a stout rope. Not very long ago a Welshman named Llewellyn was fishing on the coast of California for yellowtail when he hooked a sword fish. His rod was not quite so stout as those used in this country for salmon fishing, while his line was of silk not much thicker than the lead in a pencil.

His boatman, realising the danger if the sword fish turned and rammed the boat, advised him to cut the line at once, but this Llewellyn refused to do.



The sword fish would dash off, taking away the line till the rod bent to the point of danger, then it would leap fifteen feet in the air, plunge into the sea again, and finally come straight for the boat. The angler and the boatman had to stand up, for the deadly sword would pierce anything it came in contact with. The boatman waited with his gaff ready to beat aside the dreaded sword, but each time the fish sheered off just as it came close to the boat.

They played it for over an hour.

WORTH THE TROUBLE.

Presently it became exhausted and Llewellyn was able to compel it to circle round and round the boat till at length he forced it alongside and the boatman plunged his gaff into its white belly. The fish covered them with spray as they got it aboard, but it was worth the trouble and risk, for when measured it was found to be twelve feet from tip to tip.

The sea vampire is an extraordinary creature which haunts the shallow waters about the West Indies. It is like a great black bat, twenty feet across, provided with fins which look exactly like wings, and adorned with a long tail. Its underside is white, and as it leaps from the water it strikes terror to the heart of the novice.

You fish for it with a spear of peculiar construction. It is a kind of harpoon which rests lightly upon a ten foot pole. To the steel point is attached a stout hempen line, and, when you have succeeded in plunging the harpoon into the vampire, you withdraw the pole, leaving the line to bear the strain of the combat.

These gigantic fish are capable of towing a boat for miles, but that is not the only dangerous thing in connection with them. When they are finally reeled in to the vicinity of the boat, they will leap in the air; if by chance they fall on the boat, and they sometimes do, it is inevitably upset.

A SPECIAL HARPOON.

The big barracuda is another monster of these seas. It resembles a British pike, and it also is captured by means of the harpoon with the movable point. It will attack a human being at any time, and when you finally bring one to the side of your boat you are wise to knock it on the head before pulling it in, for its rakish jaw is furnished with teeth that would do a tiger credit.

Shark catching it practised to pass away many a becalmed hour. Three or four gigantic hooks baited with a lump of rotten pork are attached to an iron chain, which in turn is fixed to a rope capable of bearing several tons weight. When all is ready the hook is heaved over the side with a terrific splash to attract the shark's attention.

For a time the shark sheers warily off, but presently it gulps the pork, the hook, and most of the chain. There is no playing with it then: it is simply hauled aboard by means of a pulley or windlass.

THE SHARK'S DEATH.

Sharks, like eels, are long a-dying, and even on the deck of a vessel a shark can put up a very useful fight. Ropes are slipped about it, and presently its dangerous tail is cut away with a chopper. Then the seamen lose their fear of it, and take the opportunity of paying off old scores against their traditional enemy. It is said that a shark is almost insensible to pain, and under the circumstances it is to be hoped that this is true, for tortures of diabolical ingenuity are devised for its benefit.

Off the coast of Norway there are vessels engaged specially for shark hunting. The liver of the shark makes oil which cannot be distinguished from cod liver oil, and the trade is profitable. Here the shark is not pulled aboard but simply raised by means of a windlass till a man can reach his belly by leaning over the side. The liver is then cut out and thrown in a tub with others, and the shark is dropped back into the sea to die where and when he likes.

J. M. CHAMBERS.

LIFE ON APPRO.

Trust not him, he is fooling thee.—PAINE.

The man or woman who appears in a police-court on the charge of defrauding tradesmen, is regarded as a bungling amateur by the past masters at the game. To fall foul of the law they regard as showing a lamentable ignorance of the ropes, for there are dozens of men leading the swell life on an income of next to nothing, and they have small fear of being arrested.

The first step taken by one of these sharpers is to secure a fine house in a fairly large provincial town. He selects one of the most expensive because the owner is less likely to demand a quarter's rent in advance, a condition which would probably be enforced if the house were a small one.

This is his system throughout, for experience has shown him that suspicion seldom attaches to those who operate on a large scale.

He next furnishes the house on the hire purchase system, making a special contract with the firm concerned that the price will be paid off by quarterly instalments, as he has no time to bother with small monthly amounts. As his order is a large one, this concession is readily granted. A staff of servants is meanwhile engaged, their wages being paid, perhaps, at the end of the first month but not subsequently.

The domicile being now prepared, a visit is paid to the leading motor agent in the town, and he is requested to show his finest car. If he does not happen to have one of the most luxurious pattern in stock he sends to London for it. His customer has given him his card, and he recognises the name of the wealthy London gentleman to whom the local paper devoted a paragraph as the new tenant of the Castle House. The agent therefore has no doubt but that the price will be forthcoming.

A trial run is asked for and given, but the sharper finds it difficult to decide, and he is taken out again, and possibly a third time. Eventually he announces that he prefers the machine of a rival company, and the agent regretfully sees his dreams of a big deal vanish into thin air.

During these trips the unprospective customer has stopped at the shops of various tradesmen, grocers, tailors, wine merchants, butchers and so forth, and with each he has opened a credit account. The standing of a man who is apparently the owner of such a magnificent car cannot be questioned, and if any shopkeeper should still be doubtful he has but to pay a visit in secret to Castle House to see that everything in it appears to be substantial and prosperous.

The sharper's career is now in full swing, and he lives on the fat of the land. He is sought after by the fashionable people of the place, and he uses them. Sometimes he gets up a subscription list for a charity that does not exist. Sometimes he sells his newly made friends worthless shares, on the pretext that he is interested in the company and has inside information of a coming boom. In this way he raises enough ready cash to meet those small expenses which must be settled at once.

Presently there comes the smash, sometimes at the end of three months, sometimes after six. It all depends on how long the owner of the house will wait for his rent. When at last he threatens to put the bailiffs in possession, the sharper takes the night train to a fresh sphere of operations, leaving things to unravel themselves as best they may.

The tradesmen are sorry to lose a good customer, but suppose the furniture will more than suffice to pay their bills. It is only when the hire-purchase people begin to move it that they learn their mistake.

Instead of bolting, the sharper has even been known to go through the bankruptcy court, for, being a man of straw, he emerges from it as wealthy as when he went in; but this proceeding entails a good deal of risk, and flight is generally preferred.

If tradesmen would only insist on tangible security being given instead of relying on mere appearances the days of these harpies would be quickly numbered.

ROBERTSON DADD.

The CHOICE.

DRAMATIC, HUMAN SKETCH.

By ADAM STERN.

[*This sketch deals with an aspect of life which many consider should not be written about. I shall, therefore be roundly condemned in certain quarters for printing it, but I am quite prepared to stand by my decision. It is the most dramatic thing I have read for many years, and, this being the case, I should be unwise to deny it a place in my pages.*

—YOUR EDITOR.]

They met face to face in Piccadilly.

The alluring smile which came mechanically to her lips in response to his look, changed on recognition into fright.

He stood stock-still, but she wavered, shivered like a tree in a sudden blast of wind, and passed on.

He turned and watched her, a fashionable figure under a flamboyant hat, and a smile twitched his lips. But after a few steps she paused, and darted a glance backwards. In the uncertainty of her pose there was something appealing.

With abrupt decision he walked after her. As he ranged alongside she stopped and faced him.

"So it's you," he said.

She endeavoured to meet his square look, but her eyes fell. She pulled at her skirt with her gloved hands, and her shoulders went uneven as she rested her weight on one foot.

"Yes; so it seems." She laughed.

"Doing well?" he inquired, without irony.

"So so. Thank you."

He inspected her critically.

"I suppose it's still paying."

It was evident he believed that to be sufficient.

A spurt of blood suffused her face, and she raised defiant eyes to him.

"It's no affair of yours either way, is it?"

He made no immediate retort, but a glint of astonishment came to his eyes.

"Gad! It hasn't altered you much," he said.

"Shut up!" she replied fiercely.

People streaming over the pavement divided as they passed them, and a few made audible complaint.

Instinctively she moved.

"Come. Don't stand here. We shall get into trouble."

They walked along, a quiet-faced professional gentleman and the woman of another profession, wafting perfume with her every movement.

At length he broke silence.

"I don't think it's much use going on, is it?"

She started, and a wild hope fluttered her heart. Then she laughed, sneering at herself.

"Interfering with business, you think; or perhaps it offends your delicate instincts to be seen with a woman like me. I suppose you wouldn't like to swell my clientèle?"

It was strange how her voice alternated from refinement to vulgar familiarity.

"No, thanks," he said, gravely.

"Not with your wife—your once dearly-beloved wife? And you haven't seen her for two years and a half?"

She was savagely sarcastic.

"No, thanks," he said again.

"Well, then, I'll have a drink with you. It would be a pity not to celebrate such a joyful occasion."

"You have a good memory," he said, ignoring her malevolence.

"More than you have, eh? No compliment, that. It isn't much that you've changed either. Still that patience, that air of superior indulgence. It's your sort that make us, more than the other." She cursed, then went on: "You needn't flatter yourself that I ever regret leaving the shelter of your domicile that night."

"How long did you stay with him?" he asked quietly.

"Oh, of course, he was a skunk," she said, shortly.

Her glance traversed his face. His attitude puzzled her. She found herself fuming at his composure. Anything was better than this impersonal concern.

"Still proud of your continence?" she asked.

"H——m!" He slowed up. "Perhaps it will relieve us both if——"

Her lips compressed. "I'm going to have a drink with you."

There was a threat of worse if he refused.

But he assented instantly, and asked where she would like to go.

"Oh, leave that to me," she said, resolved to humiliate him if it lay in her power.

She preceded him up a narrow passage and entered a small room that was filled with men and flashy women.

His wife pushed her way towards a corner and addressed one of the women.

"Here, move up. Make room for an orphan."

The woman obeyed good-temperedly and shot a glance at her companion that was manifestly envious.

"Get on, pilgrim," commanded his wife. "You have to wait on yourself here. Bring me a brandy and soda; no, two. This lady will join us."

The accents were bitterly humorous, and she watched him for their effect. Whatever his feelings, they were under perfect control. Without a sign of discomfort he obtained the drink, sat down and began to chat pleasantly to her friend.

She drained her glass, with eyes that compelled him to note her avidity. For a second she saw the bone in his jaw working.

"A terror despite his air of respectability," she confided proudly to the other woman.

"Will you take another drink?" he inquired, calmly.

"Yes—no."

She could not quell her unrest.

He watched her patiently.

"Oh, come on. Let's get out of this," she said, with sudden heat.

She rose with a rustling of skirts and adjusted her hat before a mirror opposite.

Outside, she began to curse him again, but in a toneless voice of impotence.

"So you're sorry that we met?" he said, when she had done.

Her foot tapped the pavement incessantly. She stood tensely erect, staring down the street sightlessly.

"Ah!" and the long-drawn exclamation seemed dragged from the depths of her.

"You're sick of it, then," he said, with slow emphasis.

"Sick of it?" She laughed gratingly. "Which of us isn't?"

He paused, his eyes searching her face. Then he walked swiftly to the edge of the pavement and hailed a passing taxi.

"I'm going to take you somewhere where we can talk," he said, on returning.

"No, you're not," she replied in a low tone of determination.

"Why?"

"There's nothing to talk about."

The driver of the taxi looked on, humorously indulgent.

"Do you know," said her husband, "there's nothing at all in this world that matters if one keeps on fighting?"

Her mouth drew tight, and she brushed her hand over her face with a desperate gesture.

"Pooh! you don't know. Once committed to this game and it's hell-for-leather to perdition. You can't cut free."

"You have courage left," he said, simply.

Her face contorted.

"For heaven's sake let's get in the cab!"

He spoke in a low tone to the driver.

As they sped off she began to cry, wrenchily, as from long disuse.

He was silent. It had never occurred to him before, but now, dawning comprehension of his share in the guilt became conviction.

"Where are you taking me?" she asked, suddenly.

"Home," replied this man of quiet words and quick resolution.

She gasped.

"Stop. Let me get out," she commanded, her tones terror-stricken.

"Why?" he asked again, patiently.

"Always the same," she blurted out wildly. "Your goodness making me feel the greater beast. That is what caused it in the beginning. I can't put up with it. I can't. I should only break loose again. I'm foul—I'm——"

He interrupted her. It had come to him that benevolent forgiveness was the last thing that would help her.

"Bah! what am I?" he said roughly.

She directed wide eyes at him.

"What do you think I was doing in Piccadilly at that hour of the night?"

"You mean—that?" she whispered.

He lied again, hardily.

"Yes. There isn't much to choose between us after all, is there?"

"No," she replied, and the sound of content for which he listened was there.

In the dark his teeth clenched. Determinedly he put out his hand, found hers, and clasped it.

"We'll both drop it—shall we?—and have a good try in the other direction."

And he managed a confident laugh.

TEACHING A HORSE TO JUMP.

Jumping competitions at agricultural shows are always very popular events, and the spectators marvel at the wonderful skill of the horses.

The credit is due rather to their riders, who know how to make almost anything with four hoofs jump.

These men make a business of it, going from show to show and competing. They all know one another, and if there are two shows on one day they agree to divide forces, so that their prize money may be greater, and, if the rewards offered are not sufficient, they strike in a body till the value of the prizes is increased.

They scoop up all the prizes, for the ordinary competitor scarcely has a look-in.

Their methods of teaching their horses to jump are interesting and may well be followed by anyone who wants his horse to be a leaper, even if he does not intend to enter him for competitions.

When breaking a horse to show jumping, trouble is frequently experienced in getting him to take the water jump clean. This is overcome in a very simple and effective way. Instead of having water at the landing side of the fence, sheets of corrugated iron are laid down. If the horse does not take his jump clean, he comes down upon these sheets with a terrific clatter, which so frightens him that he takes good care to jump wide enough next time.

Show jumpers are taught to jump to a great height by another simple plan. A hurdle of stout poles is fixed up so that it cannot fall or break, and a man holding a lunging rein guides the horse over this, while another, armed with a whip, keeps him up to it from behind.

If the horse does not rise high enough, he comes a cropper, and a few falls of this kind make him do better in future.

He is taught to pick up his hind legs by the top bar being raised after the horse has cleared it with his fore feet. This gives him a rap on his hind fetlocks and makes him lift cleaner.

RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT

A WEEKLY FEATURE.
Conducted by
F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

MORNING OR EVENING?

Readers often ask which is the best time for physical exercises, morning or evening. I say unhesitatingly, "Both."

It is the regularity that counts, not the length of time for which one particular exercise is practised.

If you can give up ten minutes every morning, say immediately after your morning tub, so as to get your circulation going, and a quarter of an hour to twenty minutes at night, that is as much as is necessary, and you will not miss the time.

It is as easy to err on the side of excess, as to fall short. Never continue your exercises so long at night that you feel tired when you wake in the morning.

Moderation in all things must be the motto of the physical culturist. Let yourself down easy at first and stop when you are tired.

Even five minutes morning and evening are better than twenty minutes at a stretch once a day, and you will soon be able to increase the dose without feeling it.

SHOULDERS AND LEGS.

Stand at attention, your heels together, your toes out, and your hands by your side.

A fascinating exercise that develops many muscles.

Now swing your arms forwards and upwards till the tips of your fingers touch directly above your head.

At the same time raise yourself on your toes, so that when your hands touch you are standing at the very maximum of your height. Pause for just a second here, and give a vigorous upward thrust, as if you would force yourself just a fraction of an inch beyond your actual reach; then swing the arms backwards and down once more by the sides, at the same time lowering your body until you are standing once more on your heels and in the normal position.

You can safely repeat this exercise twenty or even thirty times—in fact until you are tired. It puts upon you no functional strain, and there is not the slightest risk of overdoing it.

I have found that there is an actual joy in this exercise. The swing of it possesses a charm that is surpassed by no other, and I advise you to include it in your daily repertoire, whichever of the others you may choose to keep it company.

The effect on the shoulders is wonderful, as also is the resulting development of the calves and ankles.

WANING INTEREST.

A Leicester reader wants me to give him a cure for waning interest in physical culture.

"I don't know," he writes, "whether I am lacking in will power, or what it is, but, keen as I was on physical culture a month or two ago, I find it very hard now to make myself go through the exercises. The blankets seem to attract me more than does the practice of the exercises, and when I go to my bedroom I want to tumble into bed at once."

I can sympathise with him, because I myself have felt the same disinclination for further exertion. It comes on a man usually when he has had an extra hard day's work, and if he once gives in to it, good-bye to his exercises for ever.

The great cure is a dip in cold water. No matter how tired you are, just fill the bath and have a plunge, or, failing that, have an all-over sponge-down. After it you will want your exercises to bring back the heat to you, and you will feel fresh and ready for them.

The disinclination for exercise comes to all of us some time or another, and we must fight it down.

WRIST DEVELOPMENT.

This exercise is different from the general run of those I have been giving, for you can practise it as you walk along the street.

Next time you are carrying a handbag, just try it. Instead of allowing the bag to hang down limply by your side, make it a means by which you may increase your muscular development.

More effective than any wrist machine.

Grasp the handle of the bag firmly, so that it cannot slip; then bend your wrist towards your body, so that the bag hangs as indicated in the sketch.

Thus the weight of the bag is borne by your wrist rather than by your arm, and in a very short time you will find that your wrist is tired. When that occurs, change the bag to the other hand, and do the exercise with that in the same way.

THE ATHLETE'S CLOTHES.

A Belfast reader tells me that, since practising the exercises I have been giving in THE MODERN MAN, he finds that his waistcoats are too tight for him and that he cannot button the wristbands of his shirts.

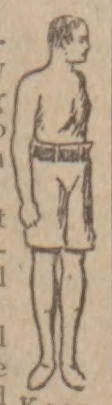
I am sorry that I have put him to inconvenience in this matter, but I am glad nevertheless, for no higher compliment could be paid to my system.

I did not start this paragraph, however, with a view to self-flattery. What I want to impress on you is the need of seeing that your clothes do not retard your development. The physical culturist is increasing his measurements rapidly, and he must allow for his expansion.

If you find that your waistcoats are getting tight for you across the chest, have them let out at once, for any constriction there has a very bad effect on your development. The right place to have a waistcoat let out, by the way, is not at the back seam but equally at each of the side ones. So altered, the shape will not in any way be damaged.

THE ABDOMINAL MUSCLES.

Plant the feet firmly on the floor, heels close and toes out.



Keep the feet in the same position all the time.

Now turn the body from the waist towards the left till you are looking directly behind you. Pause for a moment, bring the body back to the front, and repeat to the right. Do the exercise till you begin to feel tired.

Throughout these movements the feet must not be allowed to change their position, as otherwise the whole exercise will be rendered useless.

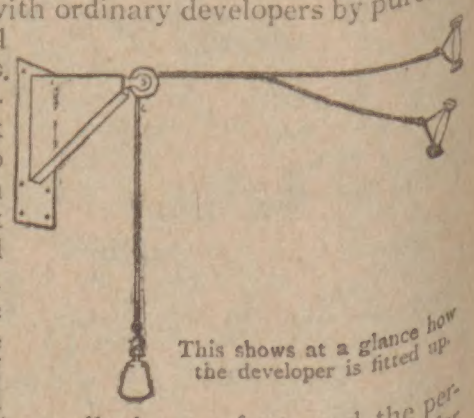
I do not know of a finer or more rapid way of bracing up the muscles of the abdomen and giving a man the coveted athletic waist.

In doing this exercise you must keep the muscles tense. Remember that you are not challenging or defying me in the matter of your development. Take my tips in a sympathetic way, and back them up by infusing into the exercises all the vim you can muster. I tell you the exercise, but I leave the vigorous execution of it to you.

A HOME-MADE DEVELOPER.

IT IS EASY TO MAKE AND CHEAP.

This thoroughly practical physical developer may be constructed by any handy-man at a cost of a very few pence. It has the distinct advantage that rubber does not enter into its construction, and you can moreover increase its resistance as much as you like, a thing that can only be done with ordinary developers by purchasing additional rubber strands.



This shows at a glance how the developer is fitted up.

Cut a triangular block of wood to act as a bracket. Fix it to the wall about 6 ft. from the floor. The flat part of the top should project from the wall about a foot, and the perpendicular part should press against the wall for about a foot also. The simplest method of fixing it is to screw this bracket on a wooden board about 16 in. long by 8 in. wide. This board may then be screwed on to the door-post or the window frame and with it the bracket will be more secure than if you fixed it on direct. If you have done this part of the business properly you will have a bracket that you could not pull down if you dragged on it with all your weight. Have the tip of the bracket sawn off and into it fix a small brass pulley such as you can buy at any ironmonger's for threepence.

Get a piece of rope 7 ft. in length, and to the middle of it attach another piece of rope also 7 ft. long. The end of this second rope is to be passed through the pulley and an iron hook is then to be attached to it. On this hook hang a weight—7lbs., 14lbs., or whatever your strength may be equal to. If you do not possess any weights and do not wish to buy them, construct a box to hang from the hook and fill it with sand.

We still have the two ends of the first rope to account for. Get 2½ ft. of strong wire an eighth of an inch in diameter, and cut it in two. If you have a pair of iron dumbbells you must now attach to the ends of them the ends of the wires, twisting them round with the pliers so that they will not become detached. Bend the wire in the centre and give it a half turn to form a loop above where the back of your hand will be when you hold the dumbbell. By means of these loops you may now attach the dumbbells to the rope. If you are not the possessor of dumbbells, a piece of wood 8 in. long whittled smooth so as not to hurt your hand will answer just as well.

This appliance may seem primitive, but it will look very well if the work is neatly carried out. The rope should not be roughly knotted, but should be turned back upon itself and neatly bound down with thread. If you care to run to the expense, you can buy a coloured rope. To increase the power of the developer all you need to do is to attach extra weights to the iron hook.

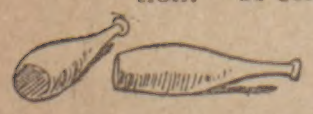
As to the exercises you are to practise with this developer, they are the same in all respects as those which are recommended for the advertised developers of similar pattern; all those which have been invented for developers with rubber strands can be practised equally well with the appliance which I have just shown you how to make.

In addition to these, however, you should invent some new ones for yourself.

I suggest that you should study Mr. Mitchell's exercises in this and previous numbers, and wherever possible go through them with the dumbbells of the developer in your hands.

In all exercises where a developer plays a part—whether it be a bought one or the one which I have shown you how to construct—you must stand far enough away from the wall for the rubber or the weight to exert an actual pressure on your muscles.

A. CRAIG.



GARDEN WORK.

THINGS THAT WANT DOING NOW.

Now that the grass is just beginning to grow, you must give some attention to the renovation of your lawn.

It occupies more space in the average garden than any other individual feature, and is the first thing from which the visitor who is not himself a skilled gardener will judge your handiwork.

If you take time by the forelock and attend to it now, you will reap the benefit in the summer when you want to play tennis or croquet, or if you have not space enough for that, at least to lie out of doors with a pipe and a book.

There are two ways of dealing with the black patches, one is to sow them, the other to re-turf them. If you buy turf, this will be rather an expensive matter if the patches are of any size. It is occasionally possible, however, to introduce a new flower border at the corner of a lawn, thus cutting away a part which is already sound turf; this can be used for the bare patches.

Turfing is, of course, the quickest plan, but grass seed will come up in a remarkably short time if it is properly attended to. When you have loosened the surface of the earth sow it liberally with seed, sprinkle some loam mixed with silver sand above it and beat it down with the back of a spade.

When the young grass is about an inch long it should be cut, but not with the lawn-mower, for that is apt to tear up the roots at this early stage. Cut it either with a sharp scythe or with the hedge shears.

To protect seeds from the attentions of the sparrows the best system is to stretch lengths of black cotton thread above the seeds and about four inches from the ground. To adorn this thread with pieces of paper is unnecessary. When the sparrows descend to the feast and find their wings and feet in contact with the black thread, they seem to imagine that some sort of trap has been laid for them, and they make off without doing damage.

If you are thinking of planting trees, now is the time, for the young sapling will have all the summer to become firmly rooted before it has to undergo the severity of the winter.

To get the best results, care must be taken in the manner of planting. The usual amateur way is to dig a narrow hole into which the roots are plunged. The right way is to dig a wide and shallow hollow on which the roots are laid out as far apart as possible.

Thus the tree can secure the maximum of nourishment, and, whether it is being grown for fruit or foliage, results will be gratifying.

The arrangement of the front garden is often a matter of difficulty. In certain neighbourhoods it is merely an encouragement to theft to have flowers in your front garden, but it is not necessary to fall back on privet and laurels. There are many more attractive and uncommon shrubs which can be obtained from the local nurseryman at a small price; the euonymus, the ailanthus, the cotoneaster, the weigela, and the aucubas are all simple of cultivation and effective, nor should we forget our old friend the holly.

The front garden can be further relieved with a few clumps of golden feather and cerastium, both of which, being foliage rather than flowering plants, are not so likely to be stolen.

The amateur gardener is rightly desirous of having as much novelty as possible, therefore the following hint should appeal to him. Every owner of an apple tree can grow mistletoe, provided he sets about it now, when the sap is at its freshest. A sound branch should be selected and a notch made in the bark on the under side, and into this the mistletoe seed should be pressed. Care must be taken not to bruise the seed, as it is very fragile.

The attractive parasitic plant will shoot forth from the parent tree about six weeks after planting and should be a fair size before the end of summer. Under favourable conditions it will produce berries this year.

S. RUDD.

SPORTING STORIES.

LOST OPPORTUNITIES.

Horse-racing being almost unknown in the land of cakes and parritch, Sandy McGurk had much to learn when the friend with whom he was staying in London took him to Hurst Park.

"That horse," said his friend, "is going to win, I feel sure. The betting's 10 to 1, and I'm going to put on a sovereign."

Sandy inquired what he meant, and the Englishman's explanations were not only lucid but so convincing that, after rather less than an hour's argument, Sandy was persuaded to put on a sovereign too.

The horse won, and Sandy was handed £10. For a moment he stood in sheer bewilderment, but he took the precaution of putting the money in his pocket meanwhile. Then the magnitude of his profit began to dawn upon him, and he crossed to where his friend was talking with a bookmaker.

"Man," said Sandy in a hoarse whisper, "man, how long has this been going on?"

GOAL!

His thoughts were not of her but of the morrow's match between his favourite club and another, and, as he discoursed to her concerning the prospects of victory, she listened with more attention than girls usually exhibit.

"You know," he said, "we've got weak backs ——"

"Well, I'm sure you should not play," she replied. "I was reading only the other day that it is very dangerous for men to go in for football if they are not in perfect health and I should think that if there was any weakness in the back ——"

"You don't understand me," he replied, but he did not trouble to explain but went on glibly with his ruminations. "Of course," he continued, "Bill Williams will be our best man——"

"Oh, Jack!" she cried, as she threw herself against his shirt front. "This is so very sudden, but you can have me, dear."

PLAYING IN PEACE.

Brewster and Webster were playing cards in the club smoking-room, when half-a-dozen of their fellow members took up their positions behind them and watched their play.

As you may have had occasion to observe, it is embarrassing to have your hand overlooked by those who are too lazy to play themselves, especially when your opponent is smart.

Webster and Brewster felt this, but they didn't want to be called unclubable by expressing the sentiment.

To be unclubable in this particular club was dangerous, as the members had a nasty way of poking you in the eye with a billiard cue—accidentally—if you offended them.

Presently Brewster asked one of the overlookers to take his hand for him till he returned, and with that he left the room. A couple of minutes later a similar request came from Webster.

The substitutes had been playing for twenty minutes when one of them asked the waiter if he knew where the original players had gone.

"Oh, yes, sir," said the servant. "They're playing in the billiard-room."

YEOMANRY DELIGHTS.

A HOBBY FOR THE YOUNG CHAP OF SPIRIT.

Being fired with an ambition to be something in the Army and also to be able to ride, I became a Territorial in the nearest body of Yeomanry, and, after three months of drills and weekly riding lessons, felt quite an old soldier and ready for all the hard work I was told to expect at camp. Our camping ground was beautifully situated near the sea and less than a mile from the town.

The following is a fair sample of a day's work:

Reveille at 5 a.m., when we had to turn out and groom and feed our horses, get our saddles and rifles ready and dress ourselves fit to turn out on parade. Then breakfast at 6.30; on parade (mounted) about 7.30; then ride to drill grounds, generally about 6 or 7 miles away, where we drilled, and returned to camp at about one or two o'clock.

After feeding the horses we had our dinner, and you will guess we were quite ready for it. After dinner we groomed our horses and cleaned our saddles and rifles, saddle and rifle inspection taking place daily about 5 o'clock.

A few shots at the target, not with the guns we had cleaned for inspection, and it was time for feeding the horses again. After the evening meal we were generally at liberty to do as we wished, except when we were placed on sentry or guard.

Although we were occupied all the day, it was not by any means as hard as it appears, there being plenty of fun going on all the time. The ride to the drill grounds, and the biggest part of the actual drilling, was as much as any young fellow could wish for: a good horse, beautiful scenery, the best of companions, bracing air and an appetite when back at camp, which would surprise the old folks at home.

Sometimes we finished earlier and sometimes later than 6 p.m. One day, I remember, when we were sham-fighting we turned out at 7 a.m. and we reached camp again at 8 p.m.

These sham fights are very interesting and rare fun can be got out of them. You are placed more on your own than in drills, and you gallop over the country with your troop or with despatches or chasing the enemy—also at times vice-versa—and you become thoroughly exhilarated with the idea; when you have to fire you take aim and pot away as deliberately as though you were using ball cartridges and the enemy was one in truth.

All the "krooties" had to go through the mill, and we had not a few practical jokes played on us. I saw one fellow black-leading the hoofs of his horse, and another chap attempting to clean his horse's teeth with a brush, which he was told to pass down the line as only one brush was supplied to each line. Another presented himself at the blacksmith's shop, having been sent there to be measured for a pair of spurs, and still another was sent one Sunday to the Sergeant-Major's tent with the message that he had come to carry the banner at Church Parade.

These jokes were all played without malice, and the subject of the joke was generally as ready to laugh at his own actions as were those who prompted him.

In actual work the recruit was always assured of help from the older soldiers with anything he was unable to understand, and quite a brotherly feeling existed through the whole camp.

I am a clerk and this is my only holiday in the year, beyond an odd day or two at different times, and I am certain I enjoyed myself more and felt better in health, strength, and everything else, and incidentally a good bit better in pocket, than after any other holiday I ever had.

There is plenty of good food, rare fun, and you are gaining a knowledge which will always be useful to you and will place you high in the estimation of others. If I go on like this you will suspect that I am a recruiting sergeant, but I will say to all young men who are able: Become a Terrier. You will not regret it: on the contrary, you will enjoy it.

HAROLD BAKER.

WHAT OUR READERS ARE SAYING

CLEAN MOUTHS IN ATHLETIC CLUBS.

The club, of whatever description, is essentially the place where *men* foregather, and as such one might expect to hear language which would not be used before ladies.

But it is a remarkable fact that the clubs in which this is most often heard are the so-called political or social clubs, where men sit round the fire or loaf at a bar, while they might be spending the time more profitably in exercising their bodies and relaxing their minds.

It is not in the dressing-rooms of the athletic clubs, or during a hard game that such things are heard. Of course there are exceptions, but usually the athlete, who knows the value of bodily cleanliness, appreciates it also in the moral sphere.

Besides, athletes are full-blooded, whole-hearted young men, and it is not from such that you hear objectionable things; the jest that is filthy without being funny is the peculiar property of the physical and mental weakling.

The athlete is too happy in living for him to be evil-minded.

The man who can train conscientiously for his favourite sport, whose leisure hours are spent in healthy exercise in the open air, has learnt the virtue and the happiness of self-restraint, and is the better for it mentally as well as physically.

Play the game and keep a clean mouth and your social value will go up and not down.

'VARSITY PREJUDICE.

It is a common fallacy nowadays that the man who has been fortunate enough to enjoy a University career not only has unlimited wealth at his disposal, but that he has the world before him, whatever profession he may choose.

Nothing is further from the truth. As a young man just "down" from Oxford, faced with the necessity of earning my own living, I found that in the commercial world at least the prejudice against the 'Varsity man is enormous.

He is commonly supposed to be incapable of sustained effort and of keeping regular hours. It is true that the free and easy life of a 'Varsity is not, perhaps, the best training for a City office, and the yoke may gall a bit at first, but what the young man learns at a University is adaptability. He meets at Oxford or Cambridge men of all types—sometimes most extraordinary types. If he is worth his salt and does not merely mix with one set, he learns to be all things to all men.

Also if he has taken his degree, especially if it be an honours degree, in whatever school, it is sufficient proof that he has that power of concentration which is so essential to success in the business world of to-day.

AMERICAN WHIPS.

In some of the horsey articles appearing in THE MODERN MAN, hints have been given for dealing with a sluggish horse, and various "whip-ends" have been suggested.

As one who is the unlucky possessor of such a brute, I may say that no whip of the old-fashioned sort, no matter how it is doctored, is equal to the straight whips commonly known as Yankee floggers.

The best of them are made of whalebone and gut, but you can buy a cheaper imitation with a steel core, its only fault being that it is liable to be broken across the harness. You can't break a whalebone whip, however, and it is worth the money.

WALKING STICKS.

The users of walking sticks are of two classes, those who carry them merely for the sake of appearance, and those who put them to their proper use as an aid to walking. One can tell at a glance to which class a man belongs.

If he carries a neat and polished partridge cane, with a wealth of silver on its handle, or a pliant "whangee," it is clear that he chooses his stick, as he might choose his tiepin, because it looks smart.

To such a man its length matters little, for he usually carries it under his arm, but the man who uses his stick for the purpose for which it was made, and to whom it becomes a treasured and familiar friend, must have it of a length to suit his stature. The makers never seem to appreciate this and with very few exceptions only stock the standard size.

The tall man is obliged to use a stick which is just too short for his comfort, while the short man suffers at once loss of comfort and dignity by using a stick that is an inch or two too long.

The remedy is simpler in the latter case than in the former. It is always possible to have a couple of inches cut off the end of a stick, but it is not so easy to add them.

But the tall man, did he know it, could always have his sticks made to order, at a very slight increase in price, while if it is only a matter of half an inch or so, a long ferrule will usually be all that is needed.

For the man who lives in the country a spike such as is used by mountain-climbers will give the extra length, and has obvious advantages in muddy or frosty weather.

THE NAVAL PATROL.

There is great soreness throughout the Navy because of the institution at the beginning of this year of the Naval Patrol at Waterloo Station.

It appears that the Lords of the Admiralty have directed that a patrol consisting of half-a-dozen bluejackets under the command of a petty officer shall be permanently stationed there in order to see that the sailors arriving on shore leave do not indulge in disorderly conduct on departing from the station.

As most people know, the Union Jack Club is near this station, and the sailors who live in distant parts of England make a rule of putting up at the club for the night.

It does not conduce to a happy feeling at the club that the patrol should also have their quarters there, but this is the present arrangement.

The patrol is empowered to accost, reprimand and, if necessary, report any sailor who is guilty of the slightest delinquency. Cases have been known where a cap an inch or so out of the horizontal has proved sufficient to receive notice.

Jack is too proud of the traditions of the finest service in the world to seek to belittle them, but this system of arbitrary supervision is likely to do more harm than good.

The resentment is more justifiable when it is remembered that simultaneously General Smith-Dorrien has withdrawn the Military Police at Aldershot, with the result that cases of disorder have diminished considerably.

The Lords of the Admiralty would surely be wise to put Jack upon his honour as well.

The Naval Patrol is an insult to Jack, and it must be abolished.

YOU WRITE: WE PAY.

You know something that our readers want to know—something that has never appeared in print, but that you would like to see in print. Send it to us. If it is the best paragraph received in the course of the week we shall forward you a guinea.

If your paragraph needs a bit of polishing up we'll do it. Don't exceed 250 words, and use a postcard if you like.

Each week we pay £1 1s. for the best, and 5s. for every other used.

Don't worry about dates. If your paragraph is too late for one issue, we shall consider it for the next.

Address all paragraphs to the Paragraph Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

Under no circumstances can paragraphs be returned.

This week the guinea goes to Mr. B. Shann, 10, South Island Place, Brixton, S.W., for "The Naval Patrol."

MOUNTING A BICYCLE.

Have you ever found that the sole of your left boot wears out long before that on your left, and wondered what the reason can be?

If so, it is probable that you are a cyclist, and moreover that you are in the habit of mounting by the step. Few men place their foot square on the step, or the damage would not be so great.

Watch the position of your foot next time you get on your bicycle, and you will see that the end of the step finds out the weakest spot in the centre of your sole.

The remedy is, of course, to mount by the pedal, and see that you have rubber and not metal treads. The "rat-trap" with its sharp projections is not only rough on the soles of your shoes, but far more dangerous in an accident.

Mounting by the pedal is an art that is easily acquired, and it is far more graceful than the old "step and hop" method.

The cyclist who is unable to do this, however, would do well to have a step put on the right hand side of his hub also, and not always to mount on one side. The slight expense would soon be saved on his cobbler's bill.

SELF-CONTAINED ALARMS.

"How can I wake myself in the morning?" is a question which many a worker whose job necessitates early rising has put to himself.

The alarm clock, besides the initial expense, has obvious disadvantages. It is liable to wake others besides its owner, or perhaps not to go off at all.

Also in few cases is the saying "familiarity breeds contempt" so true. For the first day or two the alarm clock will cause us to leap from our beds with a vague idea that the house is on fire. Then we wake up just enough to turn it off while we enjoy a last snooze; and finally we sleep blissfully through its loudest efforts.

Many men have the gift of waking unassisted at whatever hour they wish, and you are fortunate if you have a pal of this kind to wake you.

But the gift can be to some extent cultivated. The great thing is to impress upon your mind the night before, the hour at which you want to rise.

Ridiculous as it may at first sight seem, I have tried the following method with some success. If you want to wake at seven o'clock next morning, strike your head seven times on the pillow before you go to sleep; if you want to wake at eight, do so eight times, and so on.

Be very careful not to do as a friend of mine did, to whom I recommended the plan. He had to get up at five one morning in order to catch a train. On getting into bed he duly banged his head five times on the pillow, and soon dozed off. He woke with a start and was quite unable to remember whether he had carried out my advice. So to make quite sure he once more hurled his head upon the pillow five times.

He woke at ten next morning, and I have not been able to pacify him yet!

RUBBER HEELS.

Don't throw your old rubber heel-pads away when they get worn down so that the centre piece "clanks." If you can't drive the screw in far enough to hold them firm, take another old pair, cut out the centre cross, trim the edges and stick them to the pair in use with rubber solution such as is used for mending punctures.

You will then have a thick and solid pad for each heel, which will continue to save your repair bill without necessitating the purchase of a new pair of heel-pads.

Leave them under a weight for a couple of days till the solution is perfectly dry. If you neglect this precaution, the added pieces may come off.

The comfort to be derived from the rubber heel, and the astonishing amount of wear which they will usually stand, can only be appreciated by those who have used them.

THE HOUSE WITH THE RED BLINDS.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By T. C. WRIGHT.

Scarton Lodge was the oldest house in the district, and a fine house it must have been in its day, but it was spoiled when the waterworks were constructed close beside it, and for many years it remained a white elephant on its owner's hands.

I pass that way twice daily, as I cycle to and from my office in the neighbouring town, and the house always held a strange fascination for me. Especially when darkness had fallen the place looked indescribably weird, and the broken gate that divided the drive from the road seemed to be the very embodiment of the spirit of ruin.

I was surprised to discover one evening that Scarton Lodge had found a new tenant. The windows had been fitted with red blinds, and the light came through them with a malignant gleam that made the place even less inviting than it had been when all was dark.

The news of the new arrivals quickly spread throughout the village, and I learnt that during the day all the tradesmen had called to solicit the custom of the new tenants, but they had been met with a blunt refusal.

It appeared that the house was in charge of a woman of middle-age, a kind of housekeeper and general servant combined, and she informed them that her master, Mr. Leslie, was a bedridden old gentleman who had come to live in the country for the sake of his health. He had already made arrangements with certain of the London stores to supply all his requirements.

The only local tradesman who benefited was the milkman, and he was heard to declare that the invalid gentleman must surely bathe in milk, for he delivered no less than a churn full every day.

The red blinds of the place became a subject of conversation. They were always down night and day.

The mysterious tenant of Scarton Lodge and his equally mysterious housekeeper became in time a part of the life of the district. When visitors came from town to see us, we pointed out to them the house with the red blinds as one of the curiosities of the place, but we ourselves became so much accustomed to seeing the red light flashing through the trees that, after we had exhausted every conjecture, we contented ourselves with the belief that the mystery was insoluble.

It was shortly after this that the epidemic of spotted fever broke out in the southern district of London. The newspapers were devoting columns upon columns to the new black death, and were working up the sensation for all it was worth.

I was cycling along to my office one morning at this time, thinking of my danger of contracting the disease, for I had to deal each day with correspondence from every part of the country, and some of it came from the south of London where the disease was most prevalent.

My thoughts were not pleasant during that ride, but they were engrossing, and I was almost directly opposite Scarton Lodge before I discovered that an undertaker's cart had just drawn up outside the drive gate.

I assured myself that the old gentleman had at last died and, feeling sorry for the old chap, though I had never seen him, I passed on.

Soon after, I met a young man on a bicycle. I looked round at him enviously when he was past, because he was, I thought, out for a pleasant spin, while I was trudging to the office to earn my daily bread. As I looked I saw him turn in at the gate of Scarton Lodge.

Don't think from this that I am a sort of busybody who attends to everyone's affairs. I am not. I noted these things merely in passing, and I should neither have remembered them, nor should I now be setting them down, were it not for the remarkable events which followed, and of which they formed some part.

I give these facts in their chronological order because they have a bearing upon what happened subsequently.

That night as I cycled home in the dark, the red blinds of Scarton Lodge were gleaming through the trees as usual, but the light in one small room at the top floor was being flashed and extinguished at brief intervals. I dismounted and looked up the drive, staring at the window and wondering why the light was being turned up and down in this extraordinary manner.

As I looked more closely I saw that four white letters had been cut in the red blind of this room.

They formed the word "Help!"

Obviously, then, the light was being flashed by some one inside in order to attract the attention of a possible passer-by.

I am by no means of romantic temperament, and I have no desire to run myself into danger unnecessarily; but in this case I felt that such a message, coming from such a house, was not to be taken lightly.

I stood my bicycle against the hedge, extinguished the lamp, and made my way as silently as possible up the drive.

When I got nearer the front of the house I could read the message on the blind still more plainly, and I cudgelled my brains as to how I could best assist the person in that room. I determined to walk round the side of the house, hoping to find some means of entering unobserved at the back in order that I might steal upstairs and communicate with the prisoner, for such I supposed him to be.

Just as I was rounding a shrubbery, bent upon this mission, I heard a side door open, and saw two men come out. They were carrying something long and heavy between them like a section of a telegraph pole.

I crept into the edge of the bushes to watch them and wait till they were gone before I should make my attempt.

They crossed the lawn to the garden wall that overlooked the reservoir. A high bank reached to within a foot or two of the top of the wall on the Lodge side, and, when they stood on this, the top of the wall was not much above the level of their knees.

When they had reached the top of the bank they paused for a moment, swung the thing they were carrying and pitched it over. It fell into the reservoir with a splash.

The men seated themselves for a moment on the top of the wall and spoke in whispers, and I could observe that the door they had come out by had blown open with the wind. Here was my opportunity, so, turning up the collar of my jacket in order that no white should show about my neck, I stole round the edge of the shrubbery and made for the door.

I had almost reached it when I heard an exclamation behind me. Looking round, I saw the two men dashing towards me at top speed. One of them had drawn a revolver.

I had no desire to be caught in the house by such desperadoes as they appeared to be. There they might shoot me down like a dog, but in the open I had at least a sporting chance of escape. I therefore wheeled about and faced them.

"Who is in that small room on the top floor?" I demanded.

"Nobody," said one of the men. "And you ought to know that it's none of your business if there were anybody. Do you see this?" he continued, and I noticed a row of white teeth gleaming in a fiendish smile through the darkness while he raised his revolver to the level of my face, "well, I'm going to use it on you. Don't blame me; you've brought this on yourself."

I ducked at once and dashed towards the shrubbery. His revolver spat behind me and I could hear the bullet flatten itself against the wall of the house. Then followed a curse from the man who had missed me, and both came bounding along the drive towards the gate to prevent my escape.

Whether I should have got off or not without my bicycle I do not know. As it was, I dashed round the broken gate, caught up my machine, and was speeding away upon it just as the men reached the roadway.

I am not a coward, and I believe that if my daily life demanded the exercise of bravery I should not be found wanting in the possession of it; but my work is not of the heroic character, and I am quite unaccustomed to dangers.

This may only be a clumsy excuse—of that you are the best judge. It is enough for me to say that I was in a cold sweat of fear after what I had passed through, and that my terror lent a vigour to my limbs of which I had not hitherto suspected them of being capable.

I pedalled as hard as I could go to the police station, where I related the facts I have given here. The sergeant in charge had already had his curiosity aroused by the house with the red blinds, and he gave full credence to my story.

Accompanied by six constables, he and I set forth with all speed to Scarton Lodge.

We found the side door which I had seen the two men use open, and, leaving a couple of constables on guard outside, the rest of us filed into the house and upstairs.

We expected every moment to be challenged, but we could see no one.

Guided by the sound of someone drumming upon the panels of a door, we found the room in which the prisoner was confined, and we had no trouble in releasing him, for, though the door was locked, the key was on the outside.

When we had opened the door the sergeant flashed his lamp into the room, and I discovered to my astonishment that the person standing before us was none other than the young man whom I had seen turn in at the Lodge gate that morning.

"They've all gone," he said, "the whole gang. I saw them drive off in their motor less than five minutes ago."

"That being so," said the sergeant, "we may as well have your explanation of how you come to be here, for the formal search of the house can be made afterwards."

"My story is soon told," said the young man. "I am house surgeon at St. Augustine's Hospital, where, as you know, we have been treating many of the victims of the present spotted fever epidemic in South London.

"The other day an unknown man died of this disease in the hospital, and a woman, whom I have since recognised as the housekeeper here, came and claimed the body. She asserted that she was a relative and that her only desire was to give it proper burial, but the other doctors agreed with me that some sort of watch should be kept upon her to see that the body was promptly buried, as otherwise the disease might be transmitted to fresh victims.

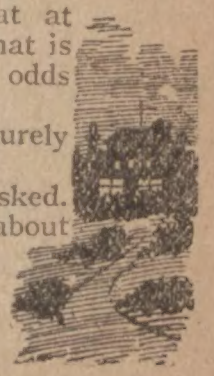
"I therefore followed the undertaker's cart on my bicycle, and observed the body being carried into this house. I was surprised at this development of matters for the woman had assured us that she was taking the body direct to the cemetery; so I determined to see her at once and call her attention to the danger of what she was doing.

"She herself answered my summons at the bell, and as soon as I entered the house the door was slammed behind me, and four men threw themselves upon me and bore me to the ground.

"You may have observed that I am fairly well built, and I am safe in assuring you that at that moment I put forth all the strength that is in me, but I think you will admit that the odds against me were too great.

"To cut it short, they trussed me up securely and then stood off to have a look at me.

"'What shall we do with him?' one asked. 'I believe he has come from the hospital about



that body. It would be madness to let him leave again, for he may already have seen things that he shouldn't have.'

"'Of course we shan't let him go,' said another. 'We'll inoculate him with the virus tomorrow morning and get a fresh supply. It will develop more quickly in a healthy young man like this than in the culture we have made for it of milk and gelatine.'

"It was then that I tumbled to the purpose for which the body had been taken from the hospital. I recollected that this waterworks provided the south of London with its drinking supply, and now I gathered that the reservoir was being poisoned with spotted fever virus by these fiends. Apparently they wished a fresh supply of the bacilli and so claimed the body, for these bacilli are extremely slow and difficult to develop by artificial means."

I recollected here having seen the two men pitch the long cylinder into the reservoir, and I was just about to mention the fact when the young doctor continued:

"They put me in this room," he said, "and locked the door. As you will observe, the window is heavily barred with iron, so that I could not escape. I hit upon the idea of cutting out the word 'Help' upon the blind with my penknife, and I turned the gas up and down in order to draw attention to the window. The message was perfectly silent, but I am glad to find it has proved effective."

"Do you think they took any of this infernal virus with them?" asked the sergeant.

"I don't think they did," said the doctor. "Since my arrival here I have learned that they kept it and developed it in large gelatine cylinders which, when thrown into the reservoir, melted and released the virus, and I did not see them take any of these cylinders with them in the car."

"For that, at least," said the sergeant, "let us be thankful. We may have been successful in spoiling their game altogether."

The sergeant seemed to take the doctor's narrative as a matter of course, and to believe it thoroughly, but for my part I could not convince myself that such monsters could exist, in spite of my own adventure of a short time previously.

"Why should they want to do such things?" I asked.

"Why?" replied the doctor. "They know best. I can't understand people of that stamp, but I understood from their conversation that they are anarchists and foreigners—not Englishmen, thank God!"

Just as he finished speaking, a police whistle screamed shrilly from the garden below. The sergeant threw up the window sash and looked out.

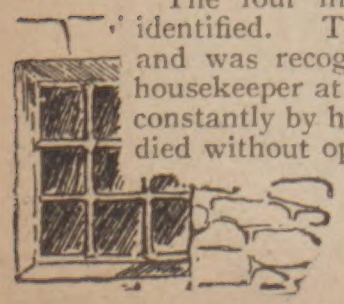
"Come down at once, sir," cried the constable. "Fire has broken out on the ground floor."

At this news we dashed from the room and downstairs as fast as our legs would carry us, and we were just in time, for already the flames were lapping the bottom of the stairs. Apparently the gang had set the house on fire before departing, and under the circumstances we considered that we had better let the flames take their course. There were things in that house which only fire could purify.

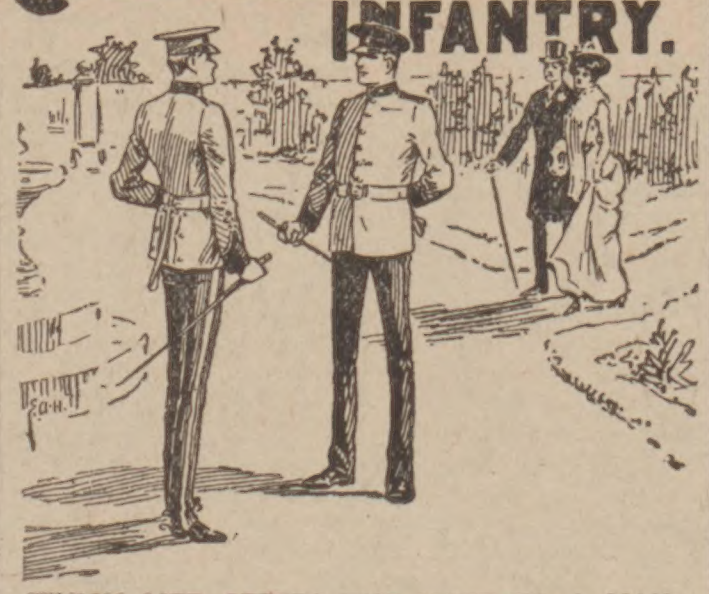
Two more facts, and my story is done. On the representations of the young doctor no more water was drawn from that reservoir, and, as if by a miracle, the epidemic of spotted fever began to subside till it finally died out.

The second fact came to our knowledge on the day following the burning of Scarton Lodge. A motor-car containing four men and a woman had passed at a furious face along the road leading westwards. Apparently the driver was unacquainted with the road, for in the darkness he failed to take a dangerous corner skilfully, and the car dashed against a brick wall.

The four men were killed and were never identified. The woman was seriously injured and was recognised by several people as the housekeeper at Scarton Lodge. A policeman sat constantly by her bedside in the hospital, but she died without opening her lips.



CAVALRY VERSUS INFANTRY.



WHICH LIFE OFFERS THE MOST TO A MAN?

If a civilian is asked whether he prefers a cavalryman or an infantryman, the answer is invariably the cavalryman, and the reason is not far to seek.

The advantages of the cavalryman are many. His work is more interesting, he is not forced to become so much of a machine as his comrade on foot, and he gets to know a horse better than many a veterinary surgeon, which knowledge he can turn to profitable account after he has given up his military career.

A cavalryman's life is an ideally healthy one. He is up with the lark at "reveille," and has a ride before breakfast, this, in some cavalry stations, is through lovely country, always seen at its best in the early morning, and he gets, at no cost to himself, the exercise enjoyed in civil life by the wealthy only.

His infantry brother, on the other hand, goes through some uninteresting drill, or for a tramp—in the same country, probably in the same roads, but surely they don't have the same attractiveness to the man on foot as to him who bestrides a charger.

The cavalryman, too, has greater opportunities for making himself look his best; he has the more becoming uniform; he has smarter tunics; his overalls fit like skins, and are strapped down tightly under his Wellington boots, which in themselves assist the smartness of the cavalryman; then he has his spurs, sometimes of solid silver, but always bright and jingling.

Some of our infantry turn themselves out so smartly that one is bound to admit that they make even their uniform attractive, but a man has to be exceptionally smart to do this.

The most favourable time for criticising infantry is when you see a regiment of them in full dress. Then there is something in their movements, in the precision and exactness of them as a whole, which is lacking in the cavalry. This is no doubt owing to the horses, which can scarcely be expected to keep step, and hold their heads in exactly the same position as can a body of men.

But to take the men individually when walking out, then the infantryman cannot, as a rule, hold a candle to the cavalryman.

On active service, too, the cavalryman surely has the advantage; the mad sensation of a charge cannot be experienced by an infantry regiment at the double.

On the other hand, we must remember that the cavalry soldier has a grievance. Ask him what it is, and he will reply: "Spit and polish!" He refers to the endless cleaning of his own outfit and of that of his horse, but the majority look on this, as a labour certainly, but as a labour of love.

I have tried to point out the advantages of one of the two great branches of the Service over the other, but I would not have you think that I belittle the foot soldier, who is the backbone of our Army. Cavalry and infantry soldiers are all *men* in the fullest sense of the word, and there never was invented a prouder title than that.

J. PETERS.

DISCOURTESY.

Evil is wrought by want of thought,
As well as want of heart.—HOOD.

Perhaps the finest definition of a gentleman ever penned is: "A gentleman is a man who never gives offence *unintentionally*."

Doubtless there are many discourteous men who would be greatly surprised if they were told they were not gentlemen. They would say, "What nonsense! We come of good stock; we were educated at public schools; we belong to honourable professions. Of course, we are gentlemen."

Nevertheless, strictly judged, they are not gentlemen, for the essence of the discourteous man's guilt is that he gives offence without meaning to do so.

The mere way a man gets out of a railway carriage is a good test of character.

The discourteous man jumps out and hurries away, leaving the door open behind him. The moderately courteous man shuts the door, but leaves the window, supposing he has had to put it down, still down.

The really courteous man not only closes the door after him, but, before doing so, if he has had to lower the window, restores it to its former position. Attention to the latter detail once won a struggling young solicitor the extremely valuable friendship of a City magnate.

Letter writing also betrays the discourteous man.

The other day a man, a stranger to me, wrote to me on a business matter, and ended his communication by signing himself "Yours, etc."

Now that was discourteous. For what did the "etc." mean? Simply that he did not deem me worthy the trouble of writing "faithfully," or "truly." Of course, between intimate friends it is quite usual to sign "yours," but coming from a stranger "yours, etc." was discourteous, if not indeed impertinent.

The next on my list of discourteous men is he who after washing his hands at the club, the office, or elsewhere, omits to empty the basin. This is a sadly prevalent form of discourtesy, and absolutely inexcusable.

It indicates an absolute lack of consideration for the man who is going to use that basin next.

I am not sure that a very much stronger term than "discourteous" should not be applied to my next type, namely, the individual who retains pipe, cigar, or cigarette in his mouth when talking to anyone.

To do this while actually speaking is most discourteous, and moreover looks extremely ugly. Nevertheless, it is constantly done. The next time you are waiting for your train, just keep your eyes open, and if you don't see one or more men, generally young men, guilty of this "crime," I shall be very much surprised.

Then there is the man who fails to raise his hat to a passing funeral or to the colours of a regiment. In the latter case, the omission may be owing to ignorance of the tribute due, but all the same it is an act of discourtesy of which none should be guilty.

But the discourteous man into whom I have most deeply "got my knife" is the one who cuts into a conversation.

Of course, if you see a friend talking to another man, and you have something of urgent importance to communicate to him, you may well go up, and, apologising for your intrusion, speak to your friend.

But there are many men who on such an occasion make no excuse at all; they simply burst right into your conversation, collar your friend, and, taking no notice of you, pour out their tale. Rankly discourteous.

There are other types of discourteous men, but my space is filled. The point, however, is this: Pull up a man for any of the offences described, and in nine cases out of ten he will reply: "Oh, I'm awfully sorry, I didn't mean to——"

That's just it. "A gentleman is a man who never gives offence *unintentionally*."

OLIVER STOKES.

WORK-SHYNESS.

A TROUBLE OF THE TIMES.

Until recently "nerves" held supreme sway as the explanation of every unpleasant physical feeling, but they must now yield place to ergophobia, the newest discovery of the medical wiseacres.

Translated into plain English, the word means fear of work, and the complaint it describes is wider spread than even that tired feeling which has made the fortunes of so many pill-makers. But there is this difference: no remedy has yet been found for ergophobia, nor is it likely that one will be discovered, at least of the kind that can be boxed or bottled and labelled and sold.

The treatment for work-shyness hitherto has been imprisonment, but it is comparatively ineffectual. Perhaps the most notorious patient afflicted with this complaint is Mr. Arthur Chilcot, a gentleman who has been successfully treated by various magistrates nearly thirty times.

His malady usually makes itself apparent by his refusal to do his task in the workhouse, after the appearance of which symptom he is carried, for he refuses to walk, to the local police-court and is put in gaol for a time. His [illegible] is to fall asleep in the dock, and the [illegible] have to awaken him to hear his sentence.

There is nothing whatsoever the matter with the man except fear of work, for he has often been examined by doctors and declared to be perfectly fit.

The same ergophobia is doubtless as prevalent in other grades of society, but it is only in the lowest class that it comes to public knowledge. In its milder aspects work-shyness is common to everyone; the difference is that the average man gives it a bang on the head every time it shows itself, so that its next visit is postponed more or less indefinitely.

One of London's merchant princes recently confessed to the writer that he never sat down to his desk in the morning without a suppressed groan, and that he never left it at night without a feeling of satisfaction. He is a man who has built up a great business, but he is constantly being attacked by work-shyness, which, however, he fights successfully.

You will notice this trouble show itself in various ways. You will feel the inclination some morning to discuss your work instead of doing it, or to plan what you have to get through instead of making a start. Being a sensible person, however, you overcome the impulse; the out-and-out work-shyer of the Chilcot type makes no attempt to do it, and in time he becomes practically incapable of exertion.

Having a boss, and being under a system of discipline, is an excellent corrective for ergophobia in its earlier stages. The fact that you must be at work at a certain hour helps you to overcome the inclination to remain in bed; and the knowledge that idleness means the sack, assists you in buckling to when the impulse comes to knock off work before the time.

This fact should be borne in mind by those who are thinking of starting in business on their own account. When they are their own masters, the check of discipline will be removed, and there will not be that help towards the conquest of work-shyness. If, therefore, you need the stimulus of supervision to overcome a natural fear of work, give this aspect of the question your consideration before you take the momentous step of leaving your employer and setting up in business.

It is a common fallacy that work-shyness is a symptom of general ill-health. Those who can afford to do so take a holiday when they feel an attack coming on. By so doing they merely encourage the monster. The right treatment is to give him the cold shoulder at once and not to listen to his whisper that you are working too hard. The best cure for the tired feeling is a further dose of work.

A. MACPHERSON.

JUMPING.

HOW TO ATTAIN SUCCESS IN THIS DELIGHTFUL SPORT.

Every exercise has its own particular requirements. Some need strength; some stamina. The chief requirement of jumping is flexibility of the muscles.

In the high jump the favourite method now is to advance directly from the centre and to aim as nearly as possible at the middle of the bar. It must be remembered that in competitions the height of the bar is measured from the middle of it to the ground, and, as it usually sags a little in the centre, you may save quite an inch by aiming there.

The style adopted by the expert high jumpers of to-day is the double kick, by which the jumper throws his right leg and arm upwards and over the bar, and just at the critical moment flings up his left leg and arm.

Taking the jump after a short run from the side, was once a favourite method, but this style—known as the "scissors"—has been discarded by the best runners, as it is found that it does not take full advantage of all the muscles.

Some years ago at the Woolwich-Sandhurst sports one team showed for the first time a new method of taking the jump—diving over it head first and landing at the other side on the hands, but since that time diving has been forbidden.

THE BEST WAY TO TRAIN.

The best training for jumping is jumping. No mechanical exercises assist you here. Many beginners make the fatal mistake of practising with the bar as high as they have ever succeeded in taking it; it is much better to practise with a bar that is only four feet or so from the ground, and to endeavour to take it with the least possible exertion and in the best style. When the style has become perfect, it is then time to increase the height.

A common mistake made in jumping is to get up too high a speed in the preliminary run. In the upward leap you are changing your direction almost at a right angle, and if your speed is too great it is extremely difficult to rise as high as you otherwise would do.

Another error is in using too long or too short a take-off; the take-off favoured by the leading jumpers is half the height of the bar; the angle thus made with the ground has been found by experience to answer best.

The jumper must acquire complete control of his nerves.

DON'T GET DISCOURAGED.

If you have knocked down the bar twice, and are making your third and final effort to get over it, the anxiety of the moment is very apt to interfere with your success. The matter is largely a mental one, but it is worth consideration because of its effect on the result. The jumper must look at each attempt as an independent thing, and must not for the time think of its consequences.

Teach yourself to come up to the sticks the third time with as little anxiety as you did at your first attempt.

In the broad jump constant practice is required to enable the athlete to land without falling or stepping back.

It should be noted that a good high jumper is seldom a good broad jumper, and it is generally a waste of time to practise both. Find the one you are good at, and stick to it.

Hurdling is a combination of sprinting and jumping, and, though it is with the spectators always one of the most popular events at an athletic meeting, it is one of the most punishing to the competitors.

The great thing is to take the distance between each flight of hurdles in three strides, and, as the distance thus covered is ten yards, it takes some doing. A short man has very little hope of ever becoming an expert hurdler.

You should endeavour to take-off always with the same foot, to avoid the loss of time occasioned by changing the leg; but you should in practice take off with either foot, for in a competition it may happen that in landing you slip and lose step, so to speak. Unless you can take-off with the left foot under these conditions, you are liable to lose a whole stride.

The hurdler has yet another thing to bear in mind. He must cover the ten yards between the hurdles with such nice judgment that he lands at each flight just the right distance away for a good take-off. Three and a-half feet is not a great height to jump, but if your take-off is too long or too short you may come a cropper, especially at the ninth or tenth hurdle.

POLE JUMPING.

Remember also not to jump too high. Just clear the top of the hurdle; anything more is a waste of energy and time and may lose you the race.

Pole jumping is a good deal easier than any other variety of this sport but care must be exercised in learning to fall on the feet before you attempt any great height.

When you are 11 ft. in the air—and an expert will go considerably higher than that—you have a very good chance of damaging yourself badly if you fall on your back or allow one leg to double beneath you.

Much depends on having the pole just the right length, thickness and weight. It should be of hickory wood, about fourteen feet in length and one-and-three-quarters of an inch in thickness in the centre, tapering gradually to one-and-a-quarter inches at either end.

It is one of the most stimulating of all branches of jumping, for there is sheer delight in finding yourself soaring into the air.

Remember that in pole jumping, though it demands a fair amount of muscle, success is attained chiefly through practice and knack, the gift which is born in a man and which every great jumper finds himself possessed of.

If you have never tried pole jumping—and many an athlete has not—now is the time to make a start.

Grasp the pole firmly with your right hand, taking an under grip. Have your hand about half-a-foot further from the spiked end of the pole than the height of the jump; and it takes a bit of judgment to guess the distance accurately.

HOW IT IS DONE.

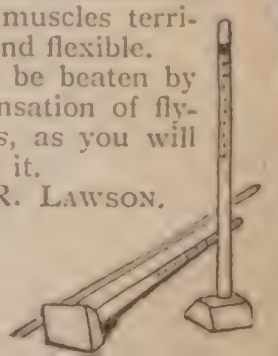
When your right hand is properly adjusted, take an over grip with your left hand, holding it from a foot to a foot-and-a-half above your right.

Take a run—twenty or thirty yards will be ample—plant the spiked end of the pole in the ground about two feet from the jump, throw yourself upwards, release the pole and throw your feet forward as you top the stick—and the thing is done.

Jumping, whether it be of the high, the wide, or any other type, is unsurpassed as a muscular exercise, not that it develops the muscles terrifically, but it makes them lissom and flexible.

And the exercise itself is not to be beaten by any other for enjoyment. The sensation of flying through the air is delicious, as you will admit when you have experienced it.

F. R. LAWSON.



Duels of To-day

Can nought but blood our feud atone!—SCOTT.

An Oxford undergraduate, whom for the sake of his family I shall call Smith, was doing his best to qualify as the uncrowned king of the fast set at the 'Varsity. Sports he left severely alone, but in leading town-and-gown rags he was great.

One day he was foolish enough to challenge to a duel a fellow undergrad. with whom he had some dispute. Smith never for a moment imagined that his challenge would be accepted, and he regarded it merely as a bit of bravado which would enhance his reputation.

His adversary, however, accepted the challenge without hesitation, and Smith could not now draw back, though doubtless he wanted to. Next day a party of six students left Dover for Belgium, and that evening two of them fought a duel with pistols on the beach near Ostend. Both men fired simultaneously, and Smith fell dead before the smoke had left his pistol.

A NOBLE CHALLENGER.

It was a mournful party that returned next day to London, where one of them broke the news to Smith's parents.

To the credit of the latter be it said, they decided to take no action against his slayer, for they acknowledged that their son had brought his fate upon himself through his folly. It was given out that he had been killed abroad in a motor accident, and the truth remained the secret of a few.

The Earl of Kimberley is a member of the Norfolk County Council, and not very long ago he had a dispute at a meeting with Colonel Sapwell, a fellow member. Sarcasm, which is generally regarded as the only legitimate weapon for such occasions, did not appear to his lordship to meet the needs of this particular case, and he therefore challenged his opponent to fight a duel.

"We can leave by the 2.30 train," he exclaimed in his wrath, "and be in Paris by the morning. There we can fight any point out under proper conditions. If I do get about him," he added, turning to the chairman, "God help him!"

Colonel Sapwell then suggested that the combat might take place in an empty room in the town, but this did not meet Lord Kimberley's views.

"It must be abroad," he protested. "If you refuse, you are a coward."

DUELLING DE LUXE.

But here some of the other councillors intervened, and bloodshed was averted. It is questionable whether such a duel could actually have taken place, for, the challenge being given so publicly, the Press would have followed every movement of the combatants, and the thing would have been reduced to a farce. When duels are fought by Englishmen to-day they are kept as secret as may be.

There are no such restrictions in most parts of the Continent, however. In fact the advertisement accruing from a duel is generally what is most coveted by both antagonists. Some time ago a few of the leading swordsmen in Paris suggested that the meeting place of duellists should in future be kept a close secret from the newspapers, as they contended it was wholly a matter of private honour and did not concern anyone but the principals and their seconds. This scheme of secrecy failed lamentably, for its promoters forgot that the French duellist wants everybody to know about his doings, as they tend to enhance his reputation for bravery and so give him a pull over his social or professional rivals.

On the outskirts of Paris there is a large building where the majority of fashionable French duels take place. Tickets are issued to many scores of the combatants' friends, and seats are always reserved for reporters. At the rear of the building there is a bar, and the whole place is comfortably warmed when a duel is to take place.

WAX BULLETS.

When cards have been exchanged and the date of the meeting has been fixed, both parties place themselves under the charge of Dr. Devillers, who has organised a club where realistic practice can be had. Shooting at a target is a simple thing compared with shooting at a man who is aiming a pistol at you, but at this club the members actually shoot at one another, their persons being protected with thick coats, and the bullets being hollow and made of a waxy composition so that they cannot hurt.

When the fire-eating Frenchman has gone through a full course of training, he is ready for the battle and the newspaper puffs.

Sometimes, however, a French duel is a thing of grim reality. Two motor-cabs recently drew up at the village café at Viroflay, near Versailles. Seven men stepped from them and ordered refreshments, the only thing noticeable in the behaviour of the party being that they were particularly polite to one another. Presently they moved off in the direction of the forest, and the village policeman and a number of loafers followed, for they gathered that a duel was afoot and they wanted to see the fun.

MELODRAMA AND FARCE.

One of the party sternly ordered the policeman to send the villagers away, and he did so, waiting himself, however, to watch events. When the usual formalities had been gone through, the combatants took their places, and at the word of command opened fire.

Both fired several shots, for it was a duel to the death. One escaped unhurt, but the other fell wounded in the abdomen by the third bullet. He was removed to a neighbouring hospital, where he shortly afterwards expired.

He said his name was Spitzer and that he was a lieutenant in the 3rd Cuirassiers, but neither he nor any other member of the party would disclose the name of his antagonist, whose identity remains unknown to this day.

We may contrast this fight with a notable farce which took place outside Naples last Autumn. A duel was about to be fought between two aristocrats, when a reconciliation was effected. Then one of the principals, Signor San Malato, quarrelled with one of the seconds, Signor Basilione, and they determined to fight to the death then and there.

The weapons chosen were pistols, and though both men were noted fencers, they were rotten shots. They stood twenty yards apart and fired at one another for three and a half hours, each firing about a hundred bullets.

Yet at the end of it all the only wound sustained was a slight scratch on Basilione's cheek. With that the honour of both was satisfied, and they embraced each other with many protestations of undying friendship.

T. GREAVE GOODMAN.

PROFESSIONAL ETIQUETTE.

My learned profession I'll never disgrace,
By taking a fee with a grin on my face,
When I haven't been there to attend to the case.
—GILBERT.

Country doctors generally dispense their own medicines, and there is usually no chemist's shop in the neighbourhood. There is therefore great temptation for them to sell the various patent medicines that are advertised, but the doctor who does this will be instantly debarred from further practice by the General Medical Council.

So stringent are the rules against advertising in the medical profession, that a man may have his degree taken from him for what one would consider the trifling fault of granting an interview to a newspaper reporter concerning his investigations and experiments. He may contribute to papers as much as he likes, but it must never be about himself nor must he authorise any notice in which he is praised.

Doctors may not give advice concerning a patient who is already being treated by a fellow practitioner, unless they are specially called in to do so by that practitioner; they may not refer to any mistake made by a rival doctor; nor may a medical man mention even to his wife secrets that have come to him in the course of his work.

When a doctor is condemned by the General Council, he dare not practise again except as a quack. For him to call himself a doctor would mean prompt prosecution for fraud.

Bankers may on no account tell anyone the size of a customer's deposit. If Mrs. Brown calls and asks how much Mr. Brown has standing against his name, she will be refused information. In the Lord Mayor's Court the other day the judge severely condemned the indiscretion of a manager who had in confidence told one of the litigants that the other had £64 in the bank. In most cases a manager giving such information would promptly be dismissed by the directors of the bank.

Clergymen may not wear jewellery, and it is considered the worst of bad form for them to talk shop at a dinner table or in a club-room.

There are any number of little known laws for lawyers. If you called to consult a barrister he would refuse to see you; you must engage a solicitor as a sort of mutual friend. The solicitor will always call on the barrister, it being a gross breach of etiquette for the barrister to call on him.

Like the doctor, the barrister cannot sue for his fees. A certain barrister agreed to wait for his fees until the latter had got them from his client. He was accused of a breach of professional etiquette and severely admonished by his fellow benchers.

Suppose you lose your case, and think that your failure was due to the inability of your leading counsel. You might reasonably suggest to your solicitor that at the higher court he should engage some other counsel, but he would be supremely shocked if you did so.

Legal etiquette demands that the barrister who acted for you in the lower court shall also act for you in the higher one; if you must have another counsel he will have to be briefed in addition to your former one.

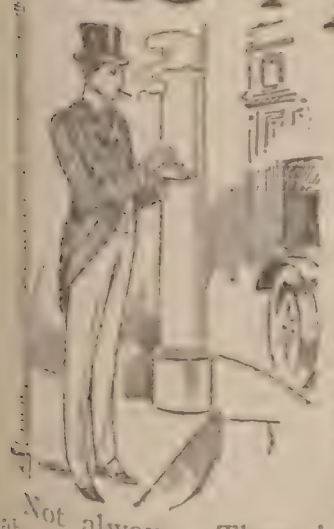
It is considered a breach of professional etiquette for barristers to contribute to papers answering inquiries at the ordinary rate of payment for literary work. Hard up barristers very often do it, however, their names being suppressed and known only to the editor.

Solicitors also are hemmed about with various rules, the breach of any one of which may mean their being struck off the rolls by the Incorporated Law Society. About ten lawyers are thus dealt with every year.

The pity of it is that the Society concerns itself more with questions of mere etiquette and formality than with investigating the methods of shady solicitors.

Stockbrokers and architects, like doctors, are forbidden to advertise, but they get there just the same by various forms of touting, by getting friends to put in a good word for them, and by booming themselves indirectly. S. ETHERINGTON.

The Man About Town



IS HE A BRAINLESS NOODLE?

There are many worthy people who think that a "man about town" is necessarily a vicious fool.

I am not here concerned with the "man about town's" morality. He is no saint; but he is seldom a blackguard, for, as a rule, he is a gentleman by birth, education, and habit.

Not always. There is one species of "man about town" that is poisonously objectionable. I mean the *nouveau riche*, successful shopkeeper, young-bounder-with-money type, whose idea of being a "man about town" is coarse dissipation.

This class, however, is only a shoddy imitation of the real article, and, if he ever does manage to sneak into the society of genuine "men about town," he is very quickly booted out of it again.

But the "pucca" "man about town"—let his moral character go,—is he the brainless noodle some people would have us believe?

FASHIONABLE FOOLS.

Well, the answer rather depends on what you call a "man about town." I don't call the fashionable undergraduate or Varsity undergraduate, who haunts music-hall promenades and West End bars, a "man about town." Apart from anything else, he is not yet a man, though he may grow into one. Nor do I call the "tame cat" of fashionable drawing-rooms, the carrier of ladies' hand-bags, the authority on wall papers and frocks and frills a "man about town," tread the pavements of Piccadilly and Bond Street however so assiduously, for he never was and never will be a man.

Both these types of alleged "men about town" are fools. The one because he is young, the other because he was born so.

But the real "man about town"—what are his characteristics? In the first place, he is a man. His pleasures are strong. They may not be very commendable pleasures, but there is nothing namby-pamby about them or him.

He lives hard, and, as he survives, we may take it he is pretty hard in constitution. He is also usually hard in character, and a "hard" man in that sense is never a fool.

THE NECESSITY FOR BRAINS.

Then he is generally a sportsman. He will leave a Covent Garden ball at three in the morning, and a few hours later you may find him in the hunting field, and going pretty straight too. Very frequently he is a racing man, and, whatever may be said against racing men, if they may not be profoundly intellectual they usually possess a plenty of worldly intelligence.

Many "men about town" live by their wits—I don't mean by cardsharping or other devious devices, but by their racing knowledge, their ultimate skill at cards, pigeon shooting, and other games of skill and chance. And a fool can't make a living that way.

Others, again, live by their brains. Many "men about town" are successful authors, artists, journalists and the like.

Moreover, the "man about town" constantly mixes with men who would quickly have the skin off his back if he had not his wits about him.

The boxing, betting, and horse-dealing rings are among the favourite haunts of the real "man about town," and, again, I say no fool could hold his own there.

For respectable feminine society he does not care much, but he seldom burns his fingers with the other kind, which again shows that he is no simpleton.

It may be said that I am simply describing a man of the world, and that, as a man of the world is certainly not a fool, I need argue no further.

But there is a considerable difference between the man of the world and the "man about town." The former, as the term implies, is a cosmopolitan, and he often does things that count in the world's history. The latter, though, as I have pointed out, he may live by his brains, is not essentially cosmopolitan—rather does he move in a narrow circle—and on the whole he does little that is worth the doing.

PITY HIM!

An ambassador is a man of the world, but he would not be pleased if you called him a "man about town"; and a "man about town" would rarely make a good ambassador, except perhaps to a dunning tradesman or an undesirable lady who has got hold of a young fool.

To sum up: I say that the real "man about town" is not the brainless noodle he is depicted, because in the world he lives in and in the kind of life he leads a good deal of native wit and shrewdness is necessary if you are "to keep your end up." Moreover, he is a man, and mixes with men, and men do not suffer fools gladly.

But in some respects he is a fool. What is usually his end? He can be generous, but at heart the "man about town" is selfish, living only for his own gratification. In the end he pays the penalty of his selfishness.

Without wife or chick, without real friends, he dies at last like that military "man about town," Major Pendennis, in lonely lodgings tended only by hired menials, never having tasted the lasting joys of life.

And so, having set out to prove that the "man about town" is not a fool, I end by saying that he is one.

PATRICK FOSTER.

WELCOME DEADHEADS.

The person most detested by the theatrical manager is the man who tries on some pretext or another to witness a performance without first having gone through the little preliminary of having paid for his seat.

But there is one type of deadhead whom the theatre people welcome with open arms. He is the man who sends them his name and address and expresses his readiness to accept a seat whenever it may be offered to him. This is very different from asking a seat on some particular evening, when, perhaps, difficulty is being found in accommodating all the theatre's paying audience.

A list of such desirable deadheads is kept in the booking-office of every London theatre, for it is often necessary to "dress the house," that is to fill up seats which would otherwise remain empty.

When a play is doing badly, the bulk of the seats remain untaken, and if they were left vacant those who have bought tickets would get the impression that the play was a failure and would describe it as such to their friends.

If the house is packed, however, they praise the piece to the skies. Many a famous play has been thus tided over a critical period, till it managed to turn the corner and win popular favour.

On first nights the best seats in the theatre are always full of deadheads, for the public stand off till they see the criticisms in next day's papers. The pit and gallery, however, are left for the ordinary patrons, and as these are the only genuine representatives of the public present, their applause or condemnation is a surer sign of the quality of the piece than the biassed opinion of the stalls and circles.

That is why the actors play to them.

SAILORS' CHANTIES.

Sing me a chanty, and sing it loud,
The kind when we reef the gaff.—CUTLER.

The sailor's free-and-easy, rollicking nature is mirrored in his working-songs or "chanties," as they are called. These chanties are part and parcel of the work, and are employed to secure unanimity of action in those cases where everything depends upon the proverbial "long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together."

There are different kinds of chanties, according to the work to be done. All of them have a most catchy and pleasing lilt, although the words as a rule are mere doggerel.

Here is a popular chanty for mastheading the yards. The best singer—and nearly every sailor, like all hearty characters, sings—tips the stave, the whole crew joining in the refrain, and pulling all together after certain words:

"I love my gal across the water.
(*Chorus*) Ay, ay, roll her down!
She's pretty Sal, Old Sally's daughter.
(*Chorus*) Spend your money on Sally Brown."

The "chantyman" on a sailing ship—that is the best singer, or the one who knows most chanties and is therefore best qualified to lead—occupies as important a position as the boatswain, and often is practically such on vessels that don't carry one.

Another chanty runs:

"A Yankee ship sails down the river.
(*Chorus*) Blow, boys, blow!
Her yards and masts, they shine like silver,
(*Chorus*) Blow, my bully boys, blow."

The third verse goes:

"And what do you think they had for dinner?
(*Chorus*) Blow, boys, blow!
Why, monkey's lights and donkey's liver.
(*Chorus*) Blow, my bully boys, blow!"

Of course at every repetition of the word "blow" in the above, all hands pull together.

Anyone who has ever been on board a ship must have been struck with the heartiness with which the sailor enters into both work and play. Perhaps not a little of this is due to the music in his soul, as well as to the health and keenness which the fresh sea breezes add to his life.

The landlubber, in a tug of war, gets a coach to stand by each team and yell "Heave" at the psychological moment. The true sailor will have none of such inartistic methods. He calls music to his aid and so insures his pulling in time with his mates.

Everything he does has music somewhere at the back of it.

The chanty is also used when the men are working at the winch or windlass. They heave on the handspikes at the recognised word, and shift them to fresh holes while the chantyman sings:

"'Oh, where are you going to, my pretty maid?'
(*Chorus*) 'Away (*heave*) to Rio!' (*heave*).
'I'm going to Rio, kind sir,' she said.
(*Chorus*) 'Away (*heave*) to the Rio Grande!' (*heave*).
'Then it's hey for Rio!'
(*Chorus*) 'Ho (*heave*) for Rio!' (*heave*).
'May I go with you, my pretty young maid?'
(*Chorus*) 'Away (*heave*) to the Rio Grande?'" (*heave*).

The "capstan chanty" is of quite a distinct order from the above. It is really a good song with a stirring refrain. "The Anchor's Weighed" and "Rolling Home to Bonnie Scotland" are good specimens of this.

The chantyman sings the verses while the crew tramp round, pushing on the capstan bars, and then all join in the refrain, taking different voices.

As the voices are well harmonised as a rule, the effect is particularly pretty. The reader may be well able to imagine it in such a refrain as "The Anchor's Weighed," if he knows that song.

"The anchor's weighed! The anchor's weighed!
Farewell! Fare thee well! Remember me!"

M. E. SILVESTER.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By GILBERT JENNESS.

The experience of Stephen Decker was by no means unique.

He had spent the years between twenty and thirty, probably the best years of a man's life, in perfecting a torpedo which he believed would be more efficient than anything known.

For many years he had toiled over one simple part which he could not get to act properly, and upon which the whole utility of the weapon depended.

At length, however, he discovered the missing link of mechanism and produced a torpedo not only deadly beyond all others, but so extremely simple that it was almost impossible for it to go wrong.

From the moment of discovery of the essential part he worked at fever heat and felt elated in the belief that his years of labour had been justified.

Had he known when he started that his invention would require such an expenditure of time and trouble it is scarcely probable that he would have continued with it.

He had drifted on from one year to another, confident in the belief that a few weeks more would bring him the solution of his problem.

His friends at first had laughed at his foible, supposing that he would outgrow it. Then at the expiration of a year or two they had observed that he was becoming extremely poor, his means and his time being wholly expended upon his great work, and, one by one, his friends had dropped away from him.

Sometimes even he himself felt that he had wasted his life. Men of the same age, whom he had once known well, now occupied positions of importance in the world, while he had scarcely enough money to keep body and soul together.

Then with the realisation of his great hope came a terrific reaction.

The torpedo was so obviously good that it must be accepted by Government, and he must consequently make a fortune out of it.

His years of labour would be more than justified. He would have the best of laughter by laughing last.

In such a spirit had he worked during these last few weeks.

Then came the moment when his model torpedo was completed, when the last diagram was made out, and when he dispatched his invention in its entirety to the Government expert who examines such things.

The room in which he used to work was now empty, the tools lay scattered on the vacant bench, and Decker felt that something had gone out of his life.

He was without employment, for his invention had now passed from his hands, and he had become so widely separated from the life of ordinary men that he scarcely knew how to pass his time.

Sometimes he wandered in the busy streets, sometimes he sat in the park and ruminated.

Disreputable in dress, few observers would have made any distinction between him and the filthy tramps who lay on the grass near by.

The consideration of such a thing as a torpedo is not a matter of a day or of two days, and a fortnight passed without Decker's having received any communication from the authorities.

Depression set in upon him.

He began to think that after all his weapon was not so very clever; that his mind had become biassed in its favour as the thoughts of a parent might towards a child.

If he had had work to do, he might have kept his mind healthy. As it was, forebodings of disaster began to crowd in upon him.

Then one night a heavy packing case was delivered at his lodgings.

With feverish hands he prised up the lid and disclosed his torpedo.

There was no letter, either accompanying or inside the box, but none seemed to him necessary.

His invention had, as he feared, been rejected, and the friends who had laughed at him were right after all.

With this failure his life's work seemed to have finished.

Why, he asked himself, should he drag out an unhappy and useless existence?

To know that he had been a fool these ten years, to know that he was not the genius he had all along imagined himself to be, made life seem unbearable, and he determined to end it.

Late that night he called at the shop of a chemist whom he had sometimes patronised.

The chemist was an old man, with keen, penetrating eyes, and when Decker asked him for a bottle of deadly acid he made no remark, but filled a phial and handed it to him.

Decker returned to his room, and, hugging his torpedo to his heart, he placed the phial to his lips.

There was not, as he had expected, any burning sensation as the liquid trickled down his throat. He could not in fact observe any immediate effects, except that he felt a kind of numbness stealing over his limbs.

Presently his eyes failed to distinguish the objects about him, his head dropped forward on his chest and all became dark.

* * * * * * *

Next morning the landlady knocked at the door of Decker's room, but received no reply.

She was not a little astonished at this, for during the past two weeks he had always been up early in the morning, wanting to know whether any letters had come for him.

This morning she had a letter, and, thumping once more upon the door, she shouted that it was eight o'clock and a letter had just arrived, and with that she pushed the envelope underneath the door.

In Decker's room everything was still.

The torpedo had fallen from his arms and lay on the floor, a dent in the side indicating where it had fallen.

Decker himself sat in exactly the same position as on the previous evening.

Presently the sun moved round and its rays shot in at his window, stealing slowly across the floor till at length his figure was bathed in sunlight.

The action of the bright light had an extraordinary effect upon the man in the chair.

First he lifted a hand wearily to his forehead, then he opened his eyes and looked about the room.

In a moment he recollected the facts of his position, and inwardly cursed the chemist who had made up a draught that was ineffectual.

Once more there came a knocking at his door and, looking in that direction, he observed that beneath it was a letter.

He had no friends now from whom he might receive letters, and he wondered vacantly what it could be about.

Ah, yes, it must be from the Government expert, intimating formally that his invention was useless.

Without enthusiasm he opened the message and read:

"Stephen Decker, Esq.

"Dear Sir,

"I must regret that some mistake appears to have been made concerning the return of the model torpedo which you recently submitted for examination.

"Inquiries which I have made concerning your model, lead me to believe that it has been returned through error.

"Possibly it has by this time reached you. If so, I shall be glad if you will return it to me without delay.

"My advisers have carefully examined your torpedo and have come to the conclusion that it would be of considerable use to the Navy.

"I have therefore the pleasure of informing you that I am prepared to pay you £20,000 for all rights connected with your invention. Should you agree to accept this offer, I shall be glad to hear from you at your convenience.

"Yours truly,

"Fleetmouth,

"First Lord of the Admiralty."

After hurriedly writing an acceptance of the Government offer, Decker set off for the shop of the old chemist.

He found him behind the counter, and into his hands he thrust the communication he had just received.

When the other had finished reading it, the inventor taxed him concerning the ineffectiveness of the poison he had purchased the night before.

"My dear sir," said the chemist, "when people come into my shop and order poisons, it is my invariable practice to say nothing but to supply them with a harmless sleeping draught which, combined with the slumber it induces, will bring them to a saner view of life."

Decker said nothing but grasped his hand.

CELEBRITIES' CUSS-WORDS.

"Tut-tut!" Mr. Balfour was heard to remark one day when he inadvertently placed the lit end of his cigar in his mouth instead of the stump. "I must really be very much more careful. Tut-tut!"

We may excuse Lord Rosebery for having exclaimed on one memorable occasion: "Dash it that!" The expression is from his native Scotch, and, as one who overheard it remarked afterwards, it just seemed to fit the occasion, for he had an important engagement to keep, and little time to get there, and his carriage through some mistake had not been brought to the door in accordance with his instructions.

President Roosevelt has an emphatic expression, the origin of which would be rather difficult to trace. It is "By Jinks!" There is something humorous about the sound of it, but he uses it, nevertheless, with all seriousness, and those who have it levelled at them have no inclination to smile, at the time at least.

PARTNERS PROVIDED.

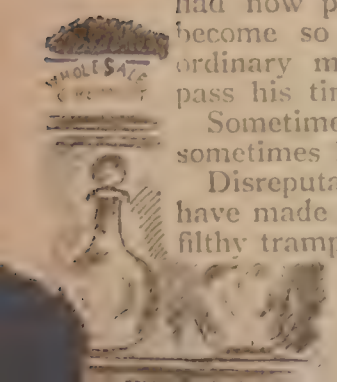
There is in London clubland an old colonel who delights in waging war on wallflowers.

He has in his regiment, and amongst his circle of friends, twelve young men who are excellent dancers, and the old boy himself can trip with wonderful lightness, considering his years, for he is no chicken.

When he knows that a big dance is to be given, he drops a line to the hostess, provided of course he knows her, saying: "You can count on my dozen if you're hard up for men at your dance."

The offer is invariably accepted, for there is a great dearth of dancing men. Shortly after ten the colonel and his twelve young men roll up in thirteen hansoms, are introduced to those young ladies for whom there are no partners, give each of them a couple of dances, and then off they go again, to run through the same programme somewhere else.

Many a London hostess blesses the old colonel for turning into a success a dance that would otherwise have been a frost.



TOLD IN THE PORTERS' ROOM

[...fire by the ... typical young ... of them were, ... their country.]

"...'ll be a good ... trains snowed ... in country parts ... night, I know," ... Clark, as he pulled ... fire till it roared up the chimney.

"There will that, you can safely say, especially in Scotland," subjoined Dixon. "This blizzard's pretty general all over the kingdom, if I know anything."

BY THE FIRESIDE.

"Sit round, you chaps, and make your miserable selves happy. Nothing like being comfortable on a night like this! There's not another train due on either side for forty minutes, and I shouldn't be surprised if they were all late with the snow."

"I was once in a collision in a blinding snowstorm," said Harrod, as he filled his pipe. "I was only a kid at the time, but I've never forgotten it.

"It didn't keep you from joining the railway service anyhow, Tom," remarked another of the little circle, blowing a cloud of cigarette smoke ceilingwards and stretching out his legs, in all the luxury of well-earned rest, before the cheery fire.

"No, you're right. I was going with my people from Liverpool to Grimsby. The old man had got a job on one of the trawlers there. The train was an extra long one, as the passengers were mostly emigrants on their way back from the United States to the East of Europe."

"Here! What are you giving us? I never heard of an emigrant coming from the United States over here. It's the other way about."

CHANGED UP.

"Chip up, Morris, and let's hear Harrod's yarn. Put a move on ye, Tom, we're getting dry."

"This 'ere train was rushing along at a hundred miles an hour, and——"

"None of your chaff now, Clark, or I shan't tell it."

"Shut up, Clark! Go on, Tom."

"Well, we had two engines drawing us, and were just rounding the curve at Woodhouse Junction outside Sheffield. There was a blinding snowstorm raging, as I said, and all at once the driver of the leading engine saw immediately in front of him the red tail-light of another train. He shut off steam, and the driver of the second engine did the same almost as sharply, but we crashed into the other train with awful force. It was a coal train, and you can imagine it was like running up against another world. The engines of our train toppled over like ninepins, and the brake van of the coal train was reduced to splinters."

SCOTCH GOODS DRIVER.

"What about the guard of the coal train?"

"He was killed. Our four enginemen were badly hurt and scalded, but there weren't many of the passengers hurt. I remember the awful shaking-up we got, though."

"Speaking of collisions," said Dixon, pressing the tobacco in his pipe with his forefinger, "I think the narrowest shave from one I ever heard of was the case of a Scotch express driver. He was put into a siding to let a goods pass, and when he got into the siding found his train was too long for it."

"Good law! Whatever did he do?"

"His engine stuck out a foot or two on to the main line, and there was the express tearing towards him at about sixty miles an hour. But he kept his head and backed his engine for all he was worth—put it hard against the spring buffers of the trucks. Of course he squeezed these right in, and he took up less space this way on the siding and gained sufficient to clear the main line, with a foot or two to spare. They say, though, it broke his nerve and he was never any good at driving after that."

"O-oh!" groaned Clark, as if he were in pain. "Where did you hear that yarn, Dixon? That's pulling the longbow if you like. Next, please!"

"I don't know so much about it," said Morris, the oldest member of the party. "It could be done. Of course, everything would depend on the length of his train and how much space he had to gain."

"Do you remember anything of the Tay Bridge disaster, Morris?" asked Clark. "I've often heard of it, but never really got the rights of it. How did it happen exactly, do you know?"

"Lemme see! It's about thirty years ago, but I've read a good deal about it. I believe it was a Sunday night and there was a terrific gale blowing at the time straight down the river, which is an estuary just there. The bridge was nearly two miles long."

WHEN THE TRAIN DISAPPEARED.

"What!"

"Draw it mild, old chap!"

"It's right. If you know more about it than I do, why don't one of you tell it?"

"Keep your wool on, Morris. Steam ahead. Line clear!"

"Hard over with the regulator and pile on the fuel."

"Well, it was seven o'clock in the evening. The last train had passed over all right, and nothing wrong had been observed. This particular train was from Edinburgh and going to Dundee. It passed on to the south end of the bridge, and the people on shore, watching its lights going along, suddenly saw them disappear.

"The signalman was puzzled and alarmed. He tried the telegraph, but he could get no reply from the other side of the bridge. And then the other side became alarmed at the train not arriving after being signalled, and men were sent along the bridge to learn what was wrong. They had to crawl along, I believe; the wind was so strong.

WHY WEREN'T THEY HANGED?

"They came to an awful gap, which was afterwards found, without any exaggeration, to be three thousand feet long. Now, you scoffers, what have you got to say to that?"

"Never mind them, Joe. Get on with the tale."

"Well, the entire train of seven carriages, containing nearly seventy lives, had gone through the bridge into the river below. Only some fifty bodies were recovered, I believe. The builders of the bridge came in for a severe slating, as they well deserved; for it was found that not only was the bridge badly designed but much of the material used was faulty—downright bad, and the work scamped."

"Every man of them should have been hanged," growled Clark, indignantly.

"What exactly occurred," went on Morris, "no one can really say, but it was believed that the gale and tide, with the vibration of the train, caused some of the spans to collapse and they tore away others in their fall."

"It was never known what caused the disaster at Grantham, you remember, a few years back," said Harrod. "Many people think that either the driver went mad or that the regulator got jammed so that steam could not be cut off."

"It was also thought," said Clark, "that the brakes perhaps failed to work, through the vacuum tube not being properly coupled, or that they were applied too hard, with the result that the wheels skidded and didn't grip the rails."

"If the regulator did refuse to act," said Morris, oracularly, "all the driver need have done was to bring his reversing gear to centre position and so stop all cylinder valve motion. Whether the cylinder valves were piston or ordinary slide, no steam could then enter the cylinders, and the train would have to come to a stop."

RACES FOR LIFE.

"I've read about ever so many races from death on the line lately," said Dixon. "You know what I mean. The driver of a pilot or light engine finds himself on the same line as an express, as he's going to or from the goods yard or engine-house, and then to prevent disaster he steams his hardest in front of the pursuing express. I wonder are they all true?"

"I suppose they are," said Clark. "There's no reason why they shouldn't be. But still we don't have the same thrilling adventures on our lines that they do over in the States."

"Oh, you refer to the train robberies or 'hold-ups,' Clark."

"I was thinking of a 'hold-up' of a train over there by a gang of escaped convicts that I once read about."

"Roll it out, Clark. It's your turn to spin a yarn, anyway."

"It was outside Sing-Sing, the famous American prison, I believe. A light engine was just steaming from the station when three convicts suddenly appeared out of the night and came scrambling into the cab. They must have been hiding under the platform close handy, waiting for the engine to start. They had thick sticks and they first knocked the stoker senseless and threw him out, and then they threatened to murder the driver unless he drove on at full speed.

WATER-RAGGING THE ENGINE.

"He didn't dare to disobey, but he was artful. He managed to fix the tank valves so that the engine would pump herself full of water, become water-ragged as it's called, and so stop of her own accord before she went far. Then he waited for a favourable moment and jumped out.

"He didn't hurt himself and he ran back to the signal-box to tell what he had done and have a wire sent along the line, so as to head the fellows off. But the signalman wasn't at all pleased when he heard his tale.

"'Confound it,' he said, 'you've spoilt the nice little plot I had laid for their capture at Tarrytown. I wired up the line that a runaway locomotive had passed my box with three escaped convicts on her, and I suggested the switch should be set so that they would sail plump over the embankment into the river.'"

"Rather rough on the driver if he had remained aboard," growled Dixon.

"Probably he said as much to that signalman. Anyway the signalman's pretty little scheme didn't come off, but the driver's did. The engine got water-ragged before the next box was reached and stopped. The convicts climbed down and scooted. They got clear away, though two were caught afterwards."

BREAKING UP THE MEETING.

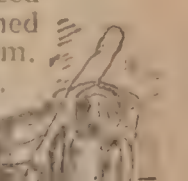
"You mentioned about train robberies in America," observed Morris, "but I think the smartest train robbery on record happened in this country on the South Eastern I think it was, about fifty years ago. There were four in the gang. One was the guard of the train, another was a clerk in the traffic manager's office, but the leader was a clever American thief——"

Ting! ting! ting! ting! ting!

"Next train coming! Come along, chaps!"

"The gang stole over £12,000 in gold bars and foreign coin," continued Morris; but no one paid any further heed to him. Chairs were pushed back, pipes and cigarettes hastily placed on the mantelpiece, and the little group snatched up lanterns and hurried forth on to the platform.

C. J. RANSOME.



CURRYCOMB.

A SKETCH.

"Good afternoon, gentlemen. Sergeant-Major!"

"Yes, sir."

"Have any of the—ah—gentlemen cadets been—ah—off yet?"

"No, sir."

"Ah, some of them soon will be. Give me the long whip."

I am back in the riding school at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, on a frosty winter's afternoon.

Captain Currycomb, the Riding Master of the establishment, has just come in to see us at our afternoon ride.

I do not wish to defame Currycomb's memory, but I am of opinion that were he alive to-day he would not have been amongst the most ardent supporters of the now defunct Licensing Bill.

Certain it is there was sometimes a slight thickness in his speech, a mingled fire-and-wateriness of eye when he came in to the afternoon ride and put his invariable question: "Have any of the—ah—gentlemen cadets been—ah—off yet?"—a question that never failed to arouse the most direful apprehensions in the breasts of most of us.

The ensuing prophecy, "Some of them soon will be," was as invariably fulfilled.

Stationing himself at a convenient spot in the ring, he would take the long whip in his powerful hands, and, having told us to cross our stirrups in front of the saddle, he would give the order "Tr-r-rot!"

Some gentlemen cadets, with an intelligent anticipation of the inevitable, immediately fell off.

I can see Currycomb now as, heart bobbing up and down in unison with my body, I come trotting towards him; a short, squat, bow-legged figure, rough-hewn and choleric of face, standing ominous, holding the long, snake-like whip in his huge, gnarled hands, hands, which, however, for all their rough ugliness were said to be one of the finest pairs of "hands" in the British cavalry, hands that could hold a terrified colt as if on a silken thread; hands that, had he willed, could have broken the jaw of the hardest mouthed brute of a "waler" that was ever palmed off on a remount officer as suitable for the British Army.

He was a man and a sportsman.

Jiggety-jig-joggety-jog, with all the "ease and comfort" of the military seat, I am trotting nearer and nearer to him.

I am past. But now, I know from bitter experience, is the crucial moment.

Ah, I thought so! Something hisses through the air. My troop-horse, old though he is, immediately tries to stand on his head.

I usually succeed in standing on mine without any difficulty. Sometimes I am more fortunate, and make the rest of the circuit, clinging lovingly to my horse's neck, the while Currycomb tells me sarcastically that it is rude to whisper in public, and, if I have anything to say to my horse, to say it out like a man.

Currycomb is not allowed to swear at us gentlemen cadets, a fact which I am sure has often brought him to the verge of an apoplectic death, but he has a tongue that can take the skin off your self-respect and leave it raw, bleeding, and in ribbons.

Then Currycomb orders us to off-saddle—he is in a vicious mood this afternoon—and we jump over hurdles, saddleless, stirrupless, with nothing between us and our horses' skins.

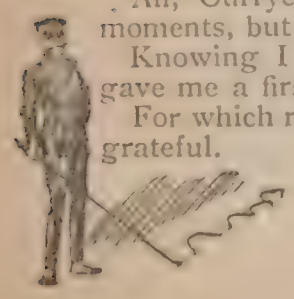
At last, thank heaven, we are dismissed. And then, hey for the tea, the buttered toast, the Genoa cake, and other eatables dear to the usually healthy appetite of a gentleman cadet—especially after riding school.

Ah, Currycomb, you gave me many painful moments, but I bear you no grudge.

Knowing I was going into the infantry, you gave me a first-class certificate as a horseman.

For which rank perjury, Currycomb, I am still grateful.

"Chinstrap."



MY NOTEBOOK.

LONDON THE LODESTONE. Several times in the course of each week I have letters from provincial readers who want to know whether I think it advisable for them to come to London.

I always reply that they must choose for themselves. I have seen so much misery in London, so many hopes shattered, that I will not take the responsibility of advising any man to come to the world's centre, where he may make either a record success or a record failure.

I have the most vivid recollection of the fascination which London held for me in my younger days, particularly when I was about twenty—not so very long ago. At that time I was studying hard for a University degree, which I imagined would be useful to me, and it was my custom to neglect all the usual cramming till a few weeks before the fateful examination. This meant terrific swotting and very little sleep for a week or two before the exam., and I could allow myself only a couple of hours in which to take the exercise which I considered necessary for the maintenance of health.

WHERE I WENT. Somehow or other, when my recreation was cut down to these limits, it always took one form. I wanted that degree because I thought it would help me to success in London, and it was always the goal of London that dominated my thoughts.

Of an evening I would set out with my dog and climb a hill, at the other side of which passed the London-bound express. I have lain on the heather many an hour, waiting to see that train and dreaming of what London might hold for me when finally I gave myself up to her.

My dog was a bull dog, not very shrewd perhaps, but very stolid, and with all the appearance of wisdom, and he used to lie down beside me, putting his flat chin upon his forefeet, and watching the railway line as if he were thinking in the same way as myself.

Presently there came a reflection on the sky, and then—in a moment, for the express was a flier—there flashed past us the brightly lighted carriages that were carrying the best of our men to the all-devouring London. I cannot tell you what I felt as the train came past, for I am nothing of a writer, but I know that when the red tail light of it had disappeared something seemed to have gone out of my life.

I associated myself with that train. It was the connecting link between myself and success, and each night when it passed there came down upon me a kind of sorrow, and a longing for the day when I should be a passenger in it.

DREAMS OF THE FUTURE. My dog knew my moods and he used to watch the train as eagerly as I did, the light from it glancing back green from his eyes. When it disappeared, he got up, for he knew I should lie on the heather no longer, and we would trudge home together, I whistling a ditty from "San Toy," which was popular at the time, and the refrain of which was "Back to London."

There were many charms about that hill. On it you could smell the sweetness and the freshness of the heather, and from it you could see the flashing lighthouse, sending its warning to the ships whose lights were just distinguishable far to seaward; but the great attraction to me was the London express. I felt that London held my future, for good or evil.

Of my struggles in London I may be tempted to write on a future occasion—these little bits of self-revelation are always drawn from me against my better judgment—but it is sufficient now to say that I have secured all I ever dreamt of, that London, fickle as she is, has yielded to me what I asked of her.

For all that, I would not say to any man, "Come to London." He may succeed; he may fail lamentably.

All depends on the man, and I will not be responsible for advising him.

OLD MEN'S SPORTS. I remember once hearing Dr. Allbutt, the famous surgeon, say that he would like to see a law passed forbidding a man to play golf till he reached the age of thirty-five.

He argued that a game in which there was no chance of getting hurt or of hurting someone body was less useful to a young man than the more strenuous type of pastime.

Quite a natural view for a surgeon to take, but we must allow something for the professional bias.

In golf, I imagine, the main advantages are the entertainment of a scientific game, the training of the eye and judgment, and the benefits of sustained but not too violent exercise.

That is just the sort of game a man of middle age should go in for, but all the same I should be sorry to see our young men give up ...

The best players of the present time are young, some of them scarcely out of their teens.

Though I like to see young men play golf, I should be sorry if it were the only game they played.

The man who has gone through a hard game of football, or has stood up to fast bowling, has learned something more than a round of the golf links could teach him.

Exercise can be got with indiarubber developers, the eye can be trained with croquet or billiards, but our strenuous sports give us something more than that; they make their participants men.

LEARNING TO SHOOT. "A friend of mine," writes a Swindon reader, "has a farm not very far away, and I often go there for week-ends. There are plenty of rabbits about the hedges of his fields and occasionally a hare or two, and when he goes out for a shot I accompany him, enjoying the sport thoroughly. He has many a time offered to supply me with a gun, but I have always fought shy of handling one. The fact is I have never in my life had a gun in my hands, and I am afraid of making an absolute fool of myself if I tried shooting. At the same time I'd awfully like to, and I want to know whether there is any way of becoming acquainted with a gun away altogether from the fields."

There are in London several excellent shooting schools where clay birds are sent from a trap over the shooter at exactly the same pace until he learns to hit them. Everything is explained to him, and the instructors are so well accustomed to greenhorns that nothing he could possibly do would make them laugh. For my own part, however, I am old-fashioned enough to think that the best place to learn to shoot is where the beginner has a chance of actually hitting game; anyhow, I fear the shooting school is out of the question for my Swindon reader.

But he need not despair.

Let him overcome his bashfulness about handling a gun, let him admit to his friend that he knows absolutely nothing about it, and crave his consideration.

The first thing in shooting is to learn to hold the gun so that if it goes off accidentally the shot either strikes the ground or flies to the sky; the second acquirement is to be able to hit things.

The man who is going to shoot game should not practise at a target, because the game is not accommodating enough to sit still. Let him get someone to roll turnips down a hill, and when he can hit these with some certainty let him have a go at rabbits.

The beginner's bugbear is the bruised shoulder caused by the recoil of the gun. Your shoulder will never be bruised if you hold the stock hard against you. If you fire a gun with the stock a foot away, the recoil will knock you over; but fire it with the stock tight against your shoulder and the muscles will absorb the whole of the recoil.

Your Editor.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

BILL SMITH, BURGLAR.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By HARRY INGRAM.

Bill Smith, expert burglar, alighted at the little riverside station almost an hour after midnight.

Though the place was sixteen miles from London it came, as he knew, within the jurisdiction of the Metropolitan Police, and so, as he expected, a policeman was standing at the gate beside the ticket collector carefully scrutinising the faces of the passengers as they came out.

It is a foolish precaution, this observation of passengers arriving by the three last trains, for the watching is done by country constables who are unacquainted with the London cracksmen; all they could do would be to follow anyone whose appearance they considered suspicious.

Now Bill's appearance could not have aroused suspicion in the mind of anyone. Far from being muffled in a heavy coat with a cap pulled over his eyes, in which garb the professional burglar is generally supposed to array himself, Bill was dressed in a cheap suit and was making a considerable display of linen.

His collar was half an inch higher than was comfortable, and his cuffs looked as if they wanted to slip over his hands.

Observing him, you would have said that he was a country shop assistant who had run into London for an evening's fun, and apparently the constable on watch was perfectly satisfied, for after a single glance he turned his attention to those who followed immediately behind the burglar.

Bill knew the district perfectly. He had explored it thoroughly one Sunday on his bicycle, and he had studied it most carefully from maps. He turned from the station and made towards the river.

After walking for half a mile or so he arrived at the house which was to be the scene of his operations. It was a comparatively small place, but was the residence of a Mrs. Scrivener, a rich old widow who had taken it for a few months in order that her London friends might come out for a breath of fresh air, and might be able to enjoy the exercise which the river offered.

Bill looked up at the house with something of the satisfaction with which the gourmet views the luscious pear he is about to eat.

One might be inclined to say that Bill more resembled the little boy who saw the pear growing in the farmer's orchard, but that would not meet the case, for he had in his pocket a bunch of keys which fitted every door and every jewel casket in Mrs. Scrivener's house, which was therefore his oyster, and he was about to open it.

The soap moulds from which he had made the keys had been supplied to him by a servant who had recently been employed by Mrs. Scrivener.

His accomplice had got the situation by the usual means of false references, and they had planned that she should remain there till the [illegible] had been completed, but fate, in the person of Mrs. Scrivener, had ordered things otherwise. The girl had been summarily dismissed [illegible] Before her departure, however, she [illegible] impressions of every key in the house, and with these Bill was very well satisfied.

He pushed open the gate and entered the porch. The latchkey he had put in a separate pocket, and he now produced this and attempted to insert it in the lock, but fate, in the form of Mrs. Scrivener, was once more against him, for since the departure of his girl accomplice a new patent lock had been fitted upon the door, and the key would not fit.

Bill muttered an exclamation of impatience, but he was far from being done.

He wondered now which would be the better plan, to endeavour to pick the lock of the front door or to try an entry by one of the windows.

The house was only a two storey one, and the bedroom windows projected slightly beyond those of the ground floor. They stood, in fact, almost directly above the iron railings which separated the house from the street, for there was practically no front garden, a strip of earth and a privet hedge being the sole apology for one.

Bill returned to the pavement and looked up at the windows, endeavouring to form an estimate of the distance he would have to climb from the fence to the window sill. His attention centred on the upper windows in preference to the lower, because he observed that some of them were open.

Yes, he could reach that one without much trouble. Once safely mounted on the top of the iron railing, he could scramble up by means of the creeper which grew along the wall.

Preparatory to making his ascent, he glanced up and down the silent road. As he did so, he observed a dark, great-coated and helmeted figure turn from a side lane and conceal itself in the shade of a wall.

A less experienced or less determined man than Bill might have considered flight the best policy under these circumstances, but such a thought never for a moment occurred to his bright intellect.

Looking up at the house he laughed, not loud enough to awaken the sleepers within, but sufficiently loud to reach the ears of the watching constable. Then he took out a cigarette and lit it.

The constable saw the flare of the match, and his suspicions of the dark figure in front of the house disappeared.

A burglar who would light a cigarette in front of the crib he was cracking was unknown so far as his experience went. Moreover, as the match flared up, he observed Bill's high collar and caught the white shimmer of his cuffs. A burglar did not dress so.

Here, argued the policeman, was a merry roysterer who had been locked out. Here was an opportunity for earning, or at least for getting, a tip; so he advanced from the shadows and approached Bill.

Bill affected to be slightly intoxicated, and when the constable came alongside, he smiled foolishly into his face.

"Policeman," he said, "here's a devil of a pickle! Here's me up from Birmingham for a week's holiday, stopping with my aunt, Mrs. Scrivener. But, oh, I say constable, I forgot to ask what's yours? What! This is not a bar? No, of course not. I was forgetting. But all the same you will have something when the pubs. open in the morning, won't you, just to drink my health?"

He put his hand in his pocket and produced three bright new half-crowns, which he pressed into the policeman's hand.

The rays of a distant lamp were caught upon the white metal, and the policeman understood that the stranger had given him three half-crowns instead of three pennies, but, being a wise man, and saturated with the traditions of the force withal, he said nothing but placed them in his pocket.

It was no mistake, however. The half-crowns had been given to Bill by a friend who made such things, but they would answer the purpose as well as real ones and would secure the officer's help.

"Can't you get in, sir?" the policeman asked.

"No," replied Bill. "That's where the joke comes in!" And in spite of his apparently serious trouble he laughed softly but heartily. "You see it's like this, constable," he continued. "I thought I'd go to the Empire to-night, for what's the use of stopping so near London if you never have any fun? My aunt is very particular about these things, and I was obliged to say to her that I was going to the meeting of the Mashonaland Mission. If I had really gone there I should have been home by eleven o'clock. My aunt's household is all abed by ten, so I told her that I'd take a latchkey with me and not trouble anybody sitting up. Now I find I must either have forgotten the latchkey or lost it."

"Then, sir," said the constable, "we'd better start ringing at the bell and knocking at the door till someone comes to open it."

The inane grin vanished from Bill's face. The very thought of such a thing had apparently sobered him.

"Don't dream of it, policeman dear. Don't," he said. "If my aunt knew that I was coming home at one o'clock in the morning instead of at eleven she'd be so horribly shocked that she'd never speak to me again. I could not bear the thought of such a thing."

"I don't quite see how it's going to be managed," said the policeman.

"Well," said Bill, "that's my bedroom up there with the windows open. If you'd only give me a push up I think I could manage to climb in, and the old lady need be none the wiser."

The policeman began to laugh, but Bill cautioned him to silence lest he aroused his beloved aunt.

A moment later the extraordinary spectacle might have been witnessed of a policeman assisting a burglar to scramble up the creeper that grew beneath the window of Mrs. Scrivener's own bedroom.

Had the policeman been more intelligent, he might have marvelled at the agility and precision with which the man whom he believed to be half-intoxicated made his ascent.

Another moment, and Bill was safely over the window sill. Turning round, he waved his hand to the policeman and nodded his thanks, and then, as he saw the constable disappear into the darkness, he lay down flat on the floor between the bed and the dressing table and shook with laughter.

A sense of humour was one of the failings which Bill could never quite overcome. More than once he had almost betrayed himself by laughing during his nocturnal exploits, and on the present occasion, as he lay there on Mrs. Scrivener's rich carpet, all the funny stories he had ever heard about burglars came back to him.

The recollection of these humours of his profession, and the sound of Mrs. Scrivener's ear-racking snores, incapacitated Bill from work for some little time, but presently he roused himself, ransacked the jewel cases, stowed their contents in his pockets, and then left the room to make a tour of the house.

It was an extremely profitable adventure, for on this particular occasion Mrs. Scrivener had several guests staying with her.

An hour later Bill, with bulging pockets and a very contented mind drew back the bolt of the front door, undid the latch and stepped out.

Just as he opened the gate a figure emerged from the shadow of the hedge and threw its arms around him.

It was the policeman who had assisted him to make an entry.

"Ah!" said the constable. "It's just as I thought then! I hope you didn't wake your auntie up or carry anything away for the missionaries? You see, my fine bird, I bit the three half-crowns you gave me and found they were wrong 'uns, and I thought possibly you might be a wrong 'un too!"

And the crestfallen Bill was conducted to the station, but not the one that is owned by the railway company.

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

A WEEKLY FEATURE.
Conducted by
R. A. MACNAUGHTEN.

THE PARTNERSHIP TRAP.

"Wanted in a sound, old established business a partner with £200. Experience is not necessary, but the partner will be expected to devote the whole of his energies to his firm's interests."

Such advertisements as the above appear in certain London newspapers every morning. The shop assistant or the clerk who has saved a couple of hundreds, is tempted to draft an immediate reply. An old and sound business is exactly what he is looking for; the modernising of it he feels perfectly fit to accomplish.

Let him pause.

The partnership trick is one of the oldest amongst a certain class of swindlers. In certain firms there have been as many as a dozen new partners in the course of a year. Each has been robbed of his little capital and then got out of the firm on one pretext or another.

The drawing up of the partnership deed has generally been already arranged for by the firm advertising, and the agent who is to transact this business is an ally to their own—one might, perhaps, more correctly say a confederate.

The man who is buying a partnership is notoriously green, and so after some slight objection he generally agrees that the agent appointed by the firm shall draw up the partnership deed.

The way is then clear for the swindlers. The deed is so worded that the new partner, while supposing his interests fully covered, is really signing a document which enables the firm to throw him out on the most trumpery pretext without returning his capital.

Thus, after he has served a couple of weeks, the chief owner of the business will inform him that he has transgressed some subtly worded clause in the agreement, and that he must consequently leave the firm. Then, too late, he consults a solicitor, but the agreement has been drafted by one who is well versed in the letter of the law, and it is too cleverly worded to be set aside.

The safeguard in dealing with such firms as this is to employ a reputable solicitor to transact the whole of the negotiations. If the firm will not agree to your solicitor drawing up the deed of partnership, have a third party appointed who is a stranger to both sides.

Another trick of the partnership swindler is to engineer matters in such a way that the new partner will be only too glad to leave the firm of his own accord.

Shortly after his joining the firm the senior partner will approach him with a long face and draw his attention to certain grievous losses in which the business has been involved. A day or two afterwards he is shown a letter apparently from a pressing creditor, demanding a sum which the resources of the firm are inadequate to provide.

The new partner begins to think that he is in an extremely serious position, and in a friendly way he asks his senior exactly how he stands personally in the matter. The partnership Acts are then brought out from the drawer in which they repose for such occasions, and his various liabilities are pointed out to him.

The swindler enlarges upon the magnitude of the impending disaster, till at length the new partner becomes panic stricken, and, when finally out of pretended friendship the swindler offers to cancel the partnership, the greenhorn is only too delighted to adopt the suggestion.

There is another type of partner of which I should like to warn my readers.

The advertiser in this instance is not fraudulent, but his methods are antiquated, and the business is gradually crumbling about his ears. Retaining as he does a controlling interest, however, he refuses to allow the introduction of modern methods. The partnership eventually becomes inharmonious and the newcomer is glad to get out of it with what fragment of his capital can be rescued.

The remedy for this state of things is for the intending partner to act as an employee for a month or so, during which time he can learn the methods of the firm and see whether or not they are to his liking. In all partnership agreements moreover there should be a clause enabling the new partner to withdraw at the end of a specified time.

The whole subject of partnership is a knotty one. It stands to reason that if a business is doing well a partner will not be required.

Sometimes the need of capital is but a temporary one, and sometimes it is wanted for a definite and profitable expansion in view, but as a general rule there is nearly as much risk in buying a partnership as in establishing a new business, and those who purpose becoming employers in this way would do well to exercise the utmost caution and engage a reputable lawyer to advise and deal for them in each instance.

INTERFERING BOSSES.

I have received a letter from a Glasgow reader who protests against the way in which his employer extends his authority to matters which do not come within his sphere.

In this particular case employees are forbidden to carry walking sticks to the office.

The chief himself never carries a walking stick, and he recently sent a typed note round to all his staff to inform them that he considered that the young man who gave his stick a ride on a train or on a tramcar and finally carried it lovingly in his hand from the tramway to the office, was one type of fool.

I quite agree with my reader that an employer is going beyond his province by dictating in such a matter as this; but under the circumstances I should most assuredly advise his clerks to accede to his wishes.

When I was a young man I was under a chief who was much influenced by the so called success movement. He had read the phrase: "Do it now," in some American paper and he insisted that each of us should write out the words in large letters on a slip of paper and paste it above our desks.

As I was in the habit of doing now all that should have been done now, I did not quite see the force of the order, on the contrary I began to think that it might be an improvement if I allowed myself rather longer time for consideration.

The slip I pasted up therefore bore the words: "Do it to-morrow," and beneath that there was another inscription which read: "To-morrow never comes."

I devised this little satire for the amusement of my fellow clerks, never intending it to be seen by the chief himself; but on returning from lunch one day I was summoned to his room, where I learnt that he had observed my parody on his text.

I was severely reprimanded, but some good accrued from my martyrdom, for shortly afterwards an informal message came through the cashier that we need not have the texts unless we liked.

Needless to say we didn't!

SALESMANSHIP.

HOW TO MASTER THE ART.

The old commercial traveller will tell you that the art of salesmanship is learnt only by experience. Like many other arts and sciences, the fundamentals can certainly be learnt without instruction after many years of effort, but I propose in this article to disclose the elements of the art; I do not suggest that a knowledge of them will take the place of experience, but it will enable a man to become a capable salesman in a much shorter time than would otherwise be possible.

The first thing to remember is that you are endeavouring to induce the man you approach to part with money, and that he has a natural and proper instinct to resist your efforts in this direction.

The surest way of overcoming his resistance is to make him believe that the money he is paying you is of the nature of an excellent investment; that it will enable him to make more money, yielding him much more than cent. per cent. in value.

It is essential to approach your customer on terms of equality. You must not allow him to think that you are a cringing, hard-up canvasser, for, if he realises your inferiority, he is likely to resist successfully all your endeavours to make him buy. A man is not influenced by a statement that a child may make to him, but he is influenced if the statement is made by a man whom he regards as being just as clever as himself.

The American commercial traveller affects a manner which is distasteful to the British merchant. He is familiar to the verge of rudeness. This is an error that must never be fallen into. To affect terms of equality does not in any sense mean that you should treat your customer with any lack of politeness.

Approach him as one gentleman would another, supposing that they were comparative strangers. Equality and familiarity are not only different, they are actually opposed.

Study all the objections to the article which you are selling, and have ready the most plausible answer for each of them.

It is fatal to allow a customer to point out some defect in your speciality without being able to prove to him that, far from being a defect, this difference is a point of strength.

Inevitably he will raise objections, but when you have successfully dealt with each he will have nothing further to urge against what you are selling, and his mind will be left open to be impressed with its merits.

Now comes the time for rubbing in the good points of the thing you are dealing in. At this point beware above all things of rant. It is for the salesman to give the impression that the speech he is making has been learnt by heart and repeated many times is absolutely fatal. A prepared speech is never delivered with the same enthusiasm as the impromptu oration.

Whatever you do, don't let your prospective customer suspect that your praises of what you have to sell are insincere. Just find out the good points of your speciality—for everything has its good points—and convince yourself of its superiority.

The most important point of all is to obtain a sale at once.

If your customer says that he must have some time to think it over, or that he must consult his partner, and you allow him to do so, you may as well say good-bye to your hopes of succeeding.

Point out to him that the offer will not hold good unless he grasps it now, that the goods are in such demand that they will be sold out before next day, or that you are offering at this price in order to effect an immediate sale.

Above all things secure his order there and then.

If he still refuses, you must go back over the same ground again, rubbing in the good points of your commodity until you finally beat down his resistance.

L. ABRAHAMS

How to Put on Flesh.

"The food value and foibles of the hour," remarked Sir James Crichton-Browne, M.D., recently. "are all in question. For every food the cry is that we eat too much. . . . We drink in horror . . . [illegible] . . . they tell us we can indulge a healthy appetite only in [illegible]."

He went on to say that it was curious that this craze should have set in just when we have realised the truth that most of the physical and mental degeneracy in our midst is due to bad or insufficient food.

Here in a nutshell you have the reason why [illegible] cannot succeed in putting on flesh. They [illegible] that four ounces of proteids and a [illegible] of water are sufficient to keep a man in health, and they are foolish enough to believe the statement. Hence, instead of having a good sound meal at mid-day, they content themselves with a bun and a glass of milk.

FAD VICTIMS.

Such a diet may be, doubtless it is, suitable for those who advocate it, for I do not suggest that they have any criminal intentions on the public health; they merely fall into the error of supposing that a system which they themselves have managed to survive, must of necessity be good for everybody else.

But the leanness of their pupils, or victims, is an irrefutable proof of the fallacy of their arguments, and if any reader of this article is a disciple of such dietary fads, I advise him to drop them at once. You can only put on flesh and attain your maximum of health by eating all that your appetite demands.

Appetite is a very safe guide. It tells the child to eat sugar and avoid fat, because nature demands the one and the child's digestion is unequal to tackling the other; it warns you not to eat much when you are not taking plenty of excreise, because then you are not capable of properly digesting a great deal of food. But the appetite is a sufficient restraint in these matters, and if you feel you can eat, do so.

ANYONE CAN PUT ON FLESH.

Unnecessary abstinence from food is one of the causes of thinness, but there are some men who eat enough and yet fail to put on flesh. They have tried hard to become plump, but have failed. Generally they console themselves with the assertion: "I'll never get fat; it's just my nature to be thin."

There is no occasion for them to lose hope. Provided he has a fairly sound constitution to build upon, any man can put on flesh.

The secret lies in exercise. That will inevitably increase the bulk of your muscular tissues, and this is exactly the kind of fatness you desire; the adipose tissue known strictly as [illegible], is a thing no man wants.

But the exercise must be of the right kind if you mean to increase your weight. Avoid such light but exhausting exercises as sprinting, quick walking and fast cycling, for these sweat out of you more weight than they bring. Choose rather the heavier and more deliberate forms of exertion, like club-swinging, rowing and walking at a moderate pace. Physical culture, with or without appliances, must be practised morning and evening.

The great point in weight-building is to see that the exercises are not exhausting; they should not make you sweat or pant for breath. Violent exertion is in many cases an excellent thing, and I would not have it thought that I am condemning it in a general sense; I am merely forbidding it to the man who is concerned with increasing his bulk and weight.

If the muscles are exercised twice a day till they become hard, and are just beginning to feel tired, they are bound to grow, and the weight of the body will grow with them.

Here you have the chief factor towards the desired fattening, and you must support it in all other ways.

SMOKING AND DRINKING.

For a time, at least, avoid smoking much or drinking much, for the poisons of nicotine and alcohol greatly hinder the natural recuperation of the muscles; they prevent the waste, caused by exercise, from being quickly thrown off; they hinder the replacement of used tissue with fresh; in short, they do not allow the muscles to grow as quickly as would otherwise be the case.

Sufficient sleep is essential for the weight-builder, for it is chiefly during sleep that muscular repair takes place. The number of hours must be fixed by the person concerned, for the necessary duration of sleep varies according to the individual need, brain-workers requiring as a rule considerably more than those engaged in manual pursuits. Eight hours is generally ample.

There is no advantage in forcing yourself to sleep after you have once awakened naturally, in fact such a course is often harmful.

A good plan is to experiment till you find the exact number of hours you need. Suppose you go to bed at eleven and find that each morning you wake up at six, though you force yourself to sleep till seven o'clock, your time for getting up; in such a case that extra hour is unnecessary, for nature awakes you when you have had enough sleep, and seven hours is all that she is demanding of you. That hour you can save for recreation or work, either by getting up at six or sitting up till twelve.

THE EFFECT OF WORRY.

Temperament plays an enormous part in flesh making. The man who worries about his health or about his business cannot put on weight. He is continually expending his energy upon mental efforts that count for nothing. He even worries himself as to what sort of weather the morrow will bring forth. This sort of folly he must stop, for worry never accomplished any good, and it never exists without doing harm.

Allied to worry is irritability. Some men lose all patience when they find their railway carriage uncomfortably crowded, the roads muddy or their bootlaces break. Learn to look at these things philosophically, and endure them placidly, for the remedy is beyond your power.

To kill worry, and thus assist in flesh-making, cultivate your sense of humour. For a time stop reading serious books and devote your leisure moments to those that give you a laugh in every page. Mark Twain is a better doctor than he gets the credit for. Laugh whenever you can, and when there is nothing to laugh at, create the opportunity by a visit to a music-hall.

THE BEST FOODS.

You must help the growth of your muscles by eating as much as you feel able for. Common-sense will tell you to avoid those things which you cannot digest.

There are many excellent foods which are distasteful to individuals. Rice pudding, made with milk and eggs is a perfect food, but it is not unlikely that you may find it rather tasteless, and may in consequence eat it more from a sense of duty than of pleasure.

The man who is bent on putting on flesh must not do that; a dish does you the maximum amount of good only when you like it.

Drink cocoa and chocolate in preference to tea or coffee; and light beer in preference to lemonade. And, above all, drink water largely, for it is one of the chief constituents of our bodies and one of the finest weight-increasers.

E. L. Robertson, M.B., Ch.M.

WHY I HATE FOOTBALL.

BY OUR CAPRICIOUS CRITIC.

Years ago I played football and liked it, but presently the cares of business and other things compelled me to drop it, and not till a couple of weeks ago did football again occupy a serious position in my thoughts.

Then I discovered that I had some spare time on my hands which I believed might be usefully spent in active physical exercise.

In my neighbourhood I know a score of young fellows who are in every way fitted to indulge in strenuous pastime, and to them I suggested that we should form ourselves into a club to play football on Saturday afternoons and at other odd times when opportunity might occur.

"My dear old chap," said one, "do talk sense. If we were to start playing football on Saturday afternoons how would it be possible for us to see the league matches, and if we were to practise in the evenings, even if we managed to do so before it was quite dark, how should we be able to read the results of the mid-week matches and discuss the matches that were to be played in the near future?"

I had always been under the impression that the object of football was to provide exercise for the man who played it, and to store up health and energy for his daily labours. I ventured to suggest this.

"You labour under the common error of supposing that the man who watches football gets no benefit," said another. "As a matter of fact he is out in the open air all the afternoon, and his lungs are exercised by shouting, while his thoughts are removed from the cares of business, and his mind is freshened up."

I am always willing to learn, so I agreed to attend a football match, my first, in the company of my friends the following Saturday afternoon.

I found the exercise of a very limited character. It consisted, so far as I could discover, in standing on your toes in order that you might have some chance of seeing over the head of the man in front. However useful this exercise might be, and I have heard that something of the kind is practised by recruits in the Army, I consider that it lacks the spice of variety which gives to exercise its chief charm and utility.

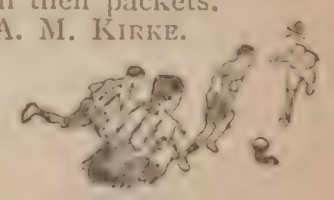
So far as exercising my lungs was concerned I thought, seeing that I had paid for admission, that I might as well take full advantage of all my opportunities; when therefore I saw one player slip his foot in front of another and gently push him over it by placing his hand on the other's back, I set up a strenuous roar of "Foul!"

To get the maximum amount of good from exercise, one should, I have read, repeat the exercise until the first symptoms of tiredness appear. So I yelled "Foul" again and again, and was calculating that I could say it some twenty times before really getting tired, when someone pushed my hat over my eyes, and someone else jabbed me with a penknife. They were grossly unsportsmanlike, refusing to avail themselves of the opportunity for lung exercise, and unwilling that anyone else should do so.

In regard to distracting the thoughts and refreshing the mind, my thoughts for the rest of that match were chiefly concerned with devising some means by which I might temporarily repair the hole in my clothing which the penknife had made, and removing from my eye the ash of cigarettes smoked by people in front, and it struck me that business in its most worrying form would have been child's play to my occupation at that moment.

I have no intention therefore of attending another football match, and, as I cannot very well play it alone and am unable to induce others to play with me, I shall seek the exercise which I desire in some form of sport which one can follow independently. My thoughts are divided at the moment between collecting butterflies and accumulating the pictures that enterprising cigarette manufacturers enclose in their packets.

A. M. Kirke.



The SOLVER

AN UNIQUE SERIES OF DRAMATIC COMPLETE STORIES.

By H. CLAY-BUCKINGHAM.

V. THE EXETER MYSTERY.

During my association with Page in his investigation of crime, I have studied several mysteries where the police could find no trace whatsoever of the culprit. In the case I am about to discuss, however, they knew very well the man they wanted, their only trouble being that they found themselves absolutely unable to capture him.

Arthur Shield, a retired speculator, had been shot as he was returning from Exeter on foot to Wilmcote, his residence, which stands about a mile and a half out of the town.

On searching the house after the crime, the police discovered a couple of letters which appeared to throw considerable light on the mystery.

I reproduce them both from a newspaper cutting which I have gummed in my notebook. Here is the first, dated from 137, Scidmore-Road, Camberwell:

"Arthur Shield, Esq. Sir,—Having heard from our mutual friend General Thompson that you are interested in rubies, I should have much pleasure in submitting for your inspection a very fine collection which I have just brought home with me from Burmah. I shall be down in Exeter next week, and shall be happy to show you the jewels even if you do not see your way to purchase them. Your obedient servant, John Cooper."

Mr. Shield appears to have written back stating that he was willing to see the gems, for he was an enthusiastic collector of precious stones, and inviting John Cooper to visit him at Wilmcote. This is the reply received:

"Dear Mr. Shield,—I thank you for your letter, but I am extremely sorry that it would be impossible for me to bring such a collection of gems to the house of a gentleman whom I do not know. I have spent a fortune and the best years of my life in getting these stones together, and I hope you will not consider me too exacting if I request you to meet me on neutral ground. I am staying at the Imperial Hotel at Exeter and shall be glad to see you there on Tuesday next at 8 o'clock in the evening. Should you intend to purchase any of the rubies I should require payment for them before they left my hands. Your obedient servant, John Cooper."

Mrs. Shield had been consulted concerning the offered rubies, and, as she had no prejudice against her husband's hobby, she advised him to avail himself of the opportunity, and he confided to her the fact that, if the gems were good, he would make a purchase of a thousand pounds' worth, and he took with him banknotes to this value.

When he reached the Imperial Hotel he discovered that no person named John Cooper was known there, and, wondering what it all meant, he set off again for home, walking for the sake of the exercise.

His dead body was discovered beside a field path which he generally took when he went into the town on foot, and in a ditch near at hand was found a revolver with one cartridge discharged.

It bore the name of a London gunsmith, and when the police inquired whether he recollected anything of the purchaser, he had some important information to give them

A young man, he said, had driven up in a cab one evening and had sent the driver into the shop to request the gunsmith to come out and speak to him, giving as his reason for not leaving the vehicle the fact that he had sprained his ankle.

At his request the gunsmith brought to the cab several weapons for his inspection, and he finally selected and paid for the one which was now found in the ditch outside Exeter. He requested that it should be sent home to him, and the tradesman had made a note of his name and address, which corresponded with those of the first letter here reproduced.

He could give no description of his visitor, for he wore a cap well over his eyes, and a large white muffler concealing his chin. Also it was night, and the street just there was badly lighted and the nearest lamp was behind the hansom, so that the occupant sat in shade.

It was a very clear case against John Cooper, but, unfortunately for the police, one of the London papers had reproduced the letters before they decided upon making an arrest, and when they finally came to the house in Scidmore-Road they found that John Cooper had gone.

Matters had been at a standstill for a fortnight before Mrs. Shield called in Page's assistance. He went down to Exeter and made his usual careful examination of the house of the murdered man, but, as he explained to me on his return, investigation was rendered infinitely more difficult after the lapse of so many days.

"One thing, however, I did discover which I think has been overlooked by the police," he informed me. "Before going down I inspected the exhibits of the case at Scotland Yard, including, of course, the two important letters. Watermarked on the paper of the first one was the name of a certain brand, and I hunted about the stationers' shops in Exeter asking for paper of this particular make.

"One sold me a box and, in reply to my inquiry, assured me that he had not sold any of this kind for several weeks. The next shop was kept by an old woman who was, I think, the most incompetent person I have ever come across. She rummaged in various drawers and looked under boxes before she could find the paper I wanted, but on my asking whether she sold much of it, she assured me that less than a month ago she had actually sold some to a London gentleman, who liked it so much that he determined to take some back with him and he therefore asked her to have the address of his London house printed on it.

"I told her that I was a Londoner, and asked her what the address was. Again she fumbled about in drawers till she found her order book. 137, Scidmore-Road, Camberwell, she read. I said I felt certain that I knew a man who lived there, and asked her to describe him to me.

"'He is a tall, thin gentleman with a fair moustache,' said the old dame. 'I would not say he had a pleasant face, but he was very polite, and lifted his hat to me when he went out. He had very nice blue eyes, too.'

"Here then, is where the murderer had had the notepaper prepared for his first letter, which led Mr. Shield to come out at night with a large sum of money. It is highly probable that though dated from London that letter, as well as the second, had borne the Exeter postmark, but unfortunately the envelopes had not been preserved by Mr. Shield. We know at least something of which the police are ignorant, but I do not know that it will be of very much assistance."

"It astonishes me," I said, "that the old woman had not already divulged her interesting information to the police."

"You would not be surprised," Page replied, "if you had met her. She was so intensely stupid that I doubt whether she would ever have associated the circumstance with the case. She must have gone through life without learning anything at all, and I imagine that the address she had printed on the notepaper vanished from her mind as speedily as more valuable information has done."

"And your next move?" I asked.

"Is to visit the house in Scidmore-Road and endeavour to pick up something there from Cooper's old landlady. Come with me if you like."

The landlady was one of the most extraordinary old women I have ever met. She must have been well over seventy, but she was wonderfully energetic for her years.

"Don't tell me you've come looking for rooms," she replied to Page's question. "You're detectives, that's what you are, and you've come to search the house. Well, I won't let you, that's all!

"Mr. Cooper was as nice and well-behaved a young gentleman as ever I come across. He reminded me of a son of mine who died abroad, and I liked him almost as well as if he had been a son.

"He never went to Burmah, and he never had rubies, and I'm as sure as sure can be that he never killed this gentleman and stole his thousand pounds. The police have been through his room, and mine too, again and again, but I'm glad they have found nothing to help them."

Page here protested that we were private investigators who sought only to further the ends of justice.

"Then what are you wasting my time for?" the landlady demanded angrily. "It's bad enough the police coming pestering me about a poor chap who is as innocent as my grandchild here; but if I'm going to let everybody else who's inquisitive have a look at the rooms I'd never have the house empty."

With that she slammed the door in our faces and put an emphatic, if not a very polite, end to the interview.

"It's astonishing," said Page, "how women can obtain an ascendancy over women. Obviously John Cooper has fascinated this old dame to no small extent. I am afraid that our one hope of finding him is to watch this house closely. It will be a tedious task, and I shall not mind a bit if you back out of it."

For my own part, however, I decided to keep him company in his vigil, and a moment or two later we had taken up a position in the window of a tea-room above a baker's shop, directly facing No. 137.

We had been sitting there for quite an hour when the little boy to whom the landlady referred as her grandson came out of the house, carrying a letter in his hand.

Page clutched me by the arm, and asked me to settle the bill, while he set off in pursuit of the child. When I came up with him he was laughingly bantering the little chap about not being able to read, and he challenged him to read the address on the letter he held in his hand.

The boy innocently held up the letter and read it, and both of us saw that it was addressed to John Cooper at the house across the way.

It had already come through the post, for the stamp was obliterated, but the landlady, who was apparently in the confidence of her late tenant, had drawn her pen through the address and had substituted "204, Above Bar, Southampton."

Page gave the boy sixpence for being such a clever child, and by seven o'clock that evening we were knocking at the door of the house in Southampton. We asked whether Mr. John Cooper was in, and the woman who opened the door requested us to wait while she made inquiries.

A broad-shouldered young man presently came down to us. His face was white, but his mouth was set in a firm resolve.

Page and I looked at one another, for we saw that the person in front of us did not correspond with the description given by the stationer in Exeter.

Page took the bull by the horns. In other words he boldly asked John Cooper to take us to some place where we could have a short con-

versation without being interrupted.

Cooper led us to the saloon bar of a public house, and there explained that all he knew of the [illegible] mystery was what he had seen in the newspapers. Having read that his name and address appeared on one of the letters belonging to the murdered man he became alarmed and fled, confiding his address only to his late landlady.

He had thrown up a good position in a London office, and was now acting as a dock labourer.

"I am as innocent as the day," he said, "and somehow I think you gentlemen know it, but you see how strong the circumstantial evidence [illegible]e. Less than that letter would [illegible]n, let alone the further evidence of [illegible]r."

Page on his part took him into his confidence. He described to him the appearance of the man we were hunting for, and asked Cooper whether we had any personal enemy whose characteristics tallied with those of the wanted man.

After a good deal of thought, Cooper admitted that a man named Herbert Liddle had at one time stolen money from the firm for which they both worked, and that it had been through Cooper's evidence that he had been dismissed.

He, it appeared, was tall and thin, with blue eyes and a fair moustache, just like those of the man whom the woman in the Exeter shop had described.

"The last time I saw him," said Cooper, "he looked a great swell, but I do not know what he is doing for a living. I heard he had chambers in Jermyn-Street."

I shall not [illegible] the details of our fresh search, [illegible] name and the arrest having been supplied to us, it was a comparatively easy matter to find the chambers of Mr. Liddle.

Conveniently we found them when he was out, and we made no scruple in examining his belongings, amongst which we found several of the stolen banknotes.

A week later Liddle was on trial, and Cooper had returned to his previous employment and to his faithful old landlady.

When at last we read of Liddle's condemnation Page's only remark was: "It shows you the danger of circumstantial evidence and of a mind that is not open. Had the police been able to run Cooper to earth he would undoubtedly have been hanged, for nobody except that foolish old stationery woman could have given a description of the real author of the crime."

[*Another of these remarkable stories will appear next week.*—ED.]

MORLEY ON MOTORS.

Athletics for their own sake do not appeal very much to Lord Morley, for he considers a cosy fire and a good book to be the summit of earthly bliss. Nevertheless he is a very fair walker, he walks not for pleasure but health.

He is delighted with London's motor-cabs, he always patronises them in preference to hansoms. This is owing to his extreme consideration for the lower animals; in fact he believes in his heart of hearts that horses should not be forced to do man's work at all.

Sometimes when he has been driving through the London streets he has caused his cabby infinite amusement by getting out and walking alongside the vehicle whenever they came to an incline.

Once he rented a house in a hilly part [illegible] and it was necessary for him to keep a trap, as his place was several miles from the nearest station. To such a pitch did he carry his scruples that he got out and walked not only when they were going up a hill but even when they were coming down one, and he insisted on his coachman getting out too, greatly to that young man's disgust.

Now, however, the motor supplies his wants, and there is no longer any need for him to run over those extraordinary scruples in which he takes much pride.

Is the Motor-cycle a Failure?

A PLAIN EXPOSITION OF ITS USES AND LIMITATIONS.

I know several men who have bought motor-cycles, ridden them for six months and then sold them at a heavy loss. I think I may count motor-cycling as my chiefest joy, and I should be happy to see a large increase in the number of its devotees, but I should be sorry to see a corresponding increase in the number of those who have tried it and dropped it disgustedly, for these are the worst advertisement a pastime could possibly have.

THE COST PER MILE.

It is for that reason that I set forth here, impartially and concisely, the case both for and against the motor-bicycle; it is quite unsuited to the requirements of certain men, and I should be sorry to see them take it up.

The first point on which we find erroneous impressions is in regard to the cost of motor-cycling. In estimating the cost you must allow for the deterioration of the cycle. A cycle that has been ridden fairly hard for twelve months is many pounds less in value than when you bought it.

Take, therefore, the price you paid, deduct from it the price you will get when you have done with your machine, and you have left at a loss the cost of wear and tear. Add to this the cost of petrol, repairs, and occasional renewals, and you get a total which, when you divide it by the number of miles you have ridden, gives you the cost per mile.

NOT ECONOMICAL.

I know one man who asserts that motor-cycling costs him just a little over a penny a mile, allowing for everything I have mentioned; but for my own part, although I am a careful rider and do most of my own repairing, I have never been able to reduce the cost per mile to less than a fraction over tuppence.

Compare this with the cost of railway travelling; third class you can go anywhere for a penny a mile. If therefore, you are under the impression that a motor-cycle would take you out to the country for week-ends or half-days cheaper than the train would, you are making a mistake.

The motor-cycle is economical only to the man who has much travelling to do and who lives where trains are hard to get at. The country doctor finds it useful and cheap, because on it he can do his rounds in half the time that would be taken with a horse and trap, although the cost of a motor-cycle and its upkeep is, of course, greater than that of a trap. Unless your case is, like that of the country doctor, exceptional, you will not find the motor-cycle an economical means of getting about.

IS IT INJURIOUS TO HEALTH?

Is the motor-cycle injurious to health? A couple of years ago a great to-do was made when certain manufacturers dropped building motor-cycles altogether. They asserted that the public would not buy them because their riders were shaken all to pieces, and this was undoubtedly true of machines of that date. Now, however, most of these manufacturers have again started making motor-cycles, because, by means of many new improvements, the vibration of the cycle has been reduced to a minimum.

For my own part I have never found motor-cycling, even in those old-fashioned days when the machines were vilely bad, injurious to my health, but possibly my constitution is unusually robust. During the past twelve months I have known of several men of poor physique taking up motor-cycling, and after a thorough trial they have assured me that so far as health was concerned the results were very satisfactory.

In motor-cycling you experience much the same sensations as when you face a keen wind blowing off the sea. The rapid displacement of the air on your face makes the skin feel cold, but as soon as you dismount there comes a quick reaction, just as there is when you take shelter from the sea-breeze.

The same thing is going on to a slightly less extent throughout your body, and the stimulation of the skin is bound to have a good result on the general health.

Then you have the benefit of breathing in pure air, and I find that when riding, as you always seem to do, against a stiff wind, you breathe much deeper than you would under ordinary circumstances. Thus the lungs are benefited, and through them the blood. From the mental point of view you have the diversion of a constant change of scene.

BE YOUR OWN MECHANIC.

I do not suppose that motor-cycling can strictly be ranked as a means of physical culture. I find, however, that at the end of a day's run I am tired, though healthily so, and such a condition is bound to be to some extent beneficial to one's muscular outfit.

I should not advise anyone to buy a motor-cycle unless he is really fond of mechanics, just as I should not recommend any man to ride or drive unless he is fond of horses. To some men it is a joy to take an engine to pieces and re-assemble it; to others the very adjustment of a nut is distasteful. The man who dislikes tinkering at his machine will never enjoy motor-cycling much, for there is a good deal of tinkering to do.

There is a financial side to this matter also. If you cannot do minor repairs yourself, you are obliged to take your cycle to some mechanic, and, being the possessor of a motor-bike, you rank in his eyes as a person who may be safely fleeced. The tin of lubricating oil, for which you paid 4½d. when you were a push-cyclist, now appears on your bill unblushingly charged at 7d.

MOTOR-CYCLING AS SPORT.

The pastime will become much more popular when manufacturers make arrangements for the upkeep of machines. If they appointed agents in the big towns and established a fixed scale of charges, the case of the motor-cyclist who cannot or does not care to do his own repairs would be a less unhappy one.

You can pay anything from £5 for a second-hand motor-cycle, to £50 for a good new one. If you think of buying a machine, let your choice fall on something nearer the latter figure than the former. Few second-hand motor-cycles are very much good, for the improvements that have been introduced during the last year are grateful and comforting to the rider, and are absent on machines of a prior date.

To what extent is motor-cycling sport? I may take a biassed outlook upon it, but I consider that the entertainment of a run, the caution necessary to avoid side-slips, and the skill needed in driving a fast machine in such a manner as to avoid collisions with stray dogs and other respected users of the highway constitute very good sport indeed.

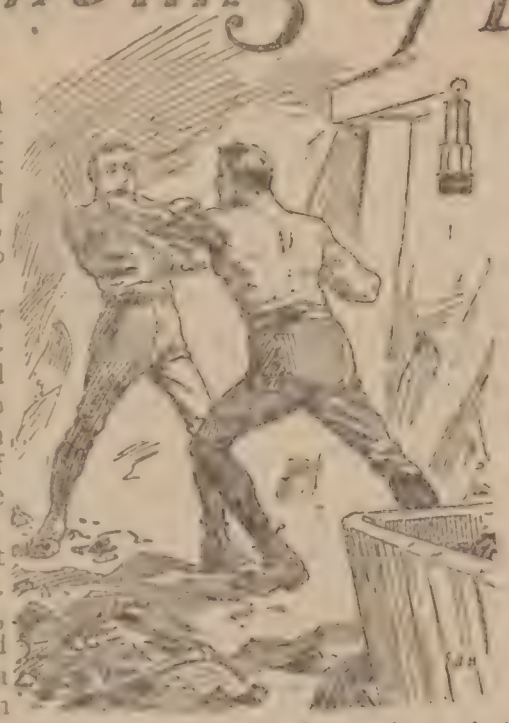
The element of risk and danger has always an attraction for the sportsman. To the mountain climber and the big game hunter, for instance, it is everything. There is something irresistible also in the sense of triumph over Nature which only the man who has climbed a great mountain or covered a mile in a minute can understand.

FORBES CROMBIE.

The Humbling of Dossett.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By JOHN G. ROWE.



"You were fairly licked, Jim Dossett, anyway," said Dick Fairbairn, as he drove his pick into the "face slip" of coal under which he was bending, "and you've no right to feel so sore over it."

"What do you call being fairly licked?" demanded Dossett, dropping his pick and turning from the deep gap he had made under the roof in order to stand a post in it. "If I hadn't ha' slipped, I'd have won the race safe enough."

"I don't know so much about it," said an old collier. "You were fair spent, Dossett, when ye stumbled and fell, and Tom here was as fresh as a daisy and overtaking ye in leaps and bounds."

"Tom Simpson would never have passed me—and he knows it, that's why he says nothing—if I hadn't ha' slipped."

"I say nothing because there's no need to say anything," laughed Simpson from his corner, rolling the big lumps of coal he had cut past the posts towards his "butty," or boy-help, loading up the tram. "I won the race fairly, and there's no more to be said about it as I can see."

"You couldn't beat me fairly, Tom Simpson, and you know it."

"I did beat you fairly, Jim Dossett."

"Do you call it fair when I fell? But I suppose you would call anything fair that gave ye the race. After all, you ought to be able to run well. Your father was an old soldier, wasn't he? Ha! Ha! Ha! No doubt he did plenty of running in his time—from the Russians you brag so much about his fighting. Fetch a post and lid, butty!"

Simpson was upright, like a shot. In three strides he was across the dim, lamp-lit stall and confronting Dossett, who was waiting for the post from the boy.

"Take back what you've said about my father, Jim Dossett, or I'll ram my fist down your lying throat. You know it's a lie, and a damned lie. My father never turned his back on a friend or a foe, and never ran from the Russians."

Simpson's eyes were fairly blazing in the light of the little lamps hitched to the men's waistbelts or the timbering around, and his jaw was set hard. His face gleamed with a deathlike pallor under its grime of coal dust.

For a moment or two after he had spoken a pin might almost have been heard drop in the gloomy underground cavern, for its other occupants instantly ceased working. Then, as Dossett made no answer but, scowling malevolently and resentfully, stood ready to receive the expected attack, one of the other and older men called out:

"He didn't mean it, Simpson. He didn't exactly say your father ran away from the enemy."

"He as good as said so, and he's got to take it back, right now. I don't mind what he says about me not winning the 'hundred yards' fairly, which I did, as no one can deny with truth; but I'll not hear a word said against my old dad, who fought for his country against the Russians—and is dead and gone now. Say you didn't mean any slight on my father's courage, Jim Dossett, or by thunder I'll give you the biggest thrashing you ever got in your life."

There was a look of shame and regret in Dossett's face, but, at the other's threat, it hardened again and his eyes kindled.

"Oh! Do it! Your father's courage! He hadn't any—any more than his——"

He did not finish the sentence, for Simpson let out furiously with the right at his mouth.

He was ready, however, and, parrying the blow with his arm, he returned it with interest. Simpson did not evade the return blow altogether, and it laid open his cheek rather nastily. Then the two closed, and pounded each other, face and ribs alternately, with all the strength that in them lay.

Dossett's "butty" stood beside the heap of timber lying at the side of the road, beyond the trams. He had just picked up a post and a wide, square piece of wood. Dropping them, he ran back to watch the fight.

All the others, too, dropped what they were doing and gathered round. Both combatants were tall, strong as horses and lithe as panthers. The light of the safety lamps gleamed on their naked, perspiring bodies, and threw fantastic shadows about the stall and among the posts, as the pair writhed and twisted and stumbled hither and thither.

Each tried hard to get the other's head into Chancery, but failed. The blood spurted and poured from their battered noses and mouths, trickled from cuts upon their cheeks and temples.

Presently they broke apart, as with one accord, and, dancing round each other, sparred for a fresh opening, clearly with a better appreciation of one another.

Both were badly mauled. Simpson's jaw was greatly swollen, and Dossett had lost two teeth, while his upper lip was twice its natural size.

The other men were watching the fight intently, and several of the hewers in the next stall, hearing the rumpus, had come to investigate.

All were too absorbed in the fight to think of the gap under the roof Dossett had left by the removal of his last tramload of coal.

The "clod" badly needed a post and lid to keep it up. Unobserved—unsuspected in the excitement of the fight—the roof began to "work," to squeeze downward slowly and silently.

All at once there was a terrific crack and immediately after an appalling roar—a clap and prolonged roll, as of a thunder-peal.

Echoing the horrified shouts of the panic-stricken onlookers, the combatants fell apart and made to run.

Too late! A thunderbolt seemed to strike both of them, and they went to earth like logs and lay there as senseless.

The fall had stopped, but the stall was immersed in a blackness and a silence as of the tomb itself.

There was the sound of cautious footsteps approaching, the low whisper of awed voices, and then the gleam of lanterns flashed into the stall through a hole just large enough for a man to scramble through.

"Simpson! Dossett! How are ye?" called in a voice.

"Is that you, Fairbairn? My left leg is caught, that's all. I'll soon free myself. Ah, that's done it. I'm all right. Who else was caught? Dossett, you said?"

"Only you and Dossett. The rest of us were all able to get clear, standing near the road. It was all through Dossett not setting that post. But come out, quick. The roof's still 'on work.' It will close up the hole here, if you're not sharp."

"Pass me in a light. I'm not going out until I see whether I can find Dossett and do anything for him."

A safety lamp was thrust in, and, swinging it round the ruined stall, Simpson espied Dossett lying half buried and apparently still unconscious under a great heap of earth and rocks. Only his head and shoulders were in sight.

The way of escape was still open to Simpson, but he turned instead to where his late antagonist lay. He limped painfully, for a huge stone had nearly smashed his left foot.

In frenzied haste, and yet with a certain amount of the care necessary, he began to try and move the rocks off Dossett. The sounds of frantic shovelling and picking came through the aperture from without.

None of the would-be rescuers, however, dared to crawl through this to Simpson's assistance.

"Come out, Simpson, while you can. The hole is closing. You'll not be able to if you don't come quickly," they called to him.

"I shan't leave Dossett. I'll save him or go with him. I'll show him that though I ran away from him in the 'hundred yards,' I don't turn my back on friend or foe at a time like this—any more than my old dad would."

"Don't be a fool, Simpson. Better one perish than two. Come out, man—come out!"

"What are you doing?" Dossett had opened his eyes.

"Trying to get you clear."

"Good Heavens, man, why don't you save yourself?"

"I don't turn my back on friend or foe in a plight like this, as I said before, any more than my old dad, whom you slandered so, would."

There was a brief silence, then Dossett clasped his hand upon the other's arm.

"Simpson," he said huskily, "I take it back. I don't deserve this. You are game all through. But go now, for God's sake, and save yourself before it's too late. You can't get me clear in time."

"I'll not leave you. I'll get you out or die with you."

There was a sudden loud creaking and a rumble that sent the blood back to the hearts of both, and—the aperture had vanished, while the roof had sunk two feet lower over their heads.

Simpson could not rise now from his kneeling posture beside the other. His head almost touched the roof, as it was, and it was steadily coming down, sinking lower and lower every moment.

"It's too late! Simpson," said Dossett, "you've given your life for mine. Give me your hand and say you forgive me for what I said. I didn't mean it—I spoke in heat. And—and I take it all—all back!"

"Steady on! Wait! That's the last stone. You're all right now. You're clear."

Dossett scrambled to his knees beside his rescuer, and they gripped hands.

"I forgive you, Jim. I can make allowance now. I know you had set your heart on winning the 'hundred yards.' I'm sorry I wasn't able to get you free before the outlet was closed. But we'll die together as we fought together."

There they crouched in their living tomb with the roof pressing down upon them, waiting, hand in hand for the end, facing death—looking it squarely in the eyes, fearlessly, unflinchingly.

Suddenly there was a loud crash, and another hole opened as if by magic beside them—a hole not much larger than the previous outlet.

Like men in a dream, the imprisoned pair heard their comrades outside calling to them to crawl through.

They did so, to be received like men come back from the dead, and to learn that they owed their escape to their rescuers discovering that the tram had intercepted a number of the falling posts and other timbering, which, forming a sort of lean-to shelter, had shored up the coal and earth on that side. When the rescue party had cleared away the outer fringe of the fall they came upon this tunnel; and, crawling along it, one of their number had merely to push away a few loose boulders to break through into the stall.

"Mates," gasped Dossett, as they supported him. "Tom Simpson was the better man from first to last. I've taken every word back that I said agen his father, and I don't care who knows it. Simpson can't be prouder of his old dad, though, than the old man would be of him if he were alive at this moment."

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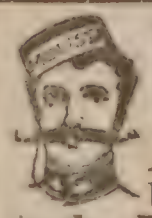

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COCK-FIGHTING.

A SPORT THE LAW CAN'T STAMP OUT.

If you consult any encyclopædia, even one that is in most respects accurate, you will be informed that cock-fighting was once a popular pastime in Britain but that it was declared illegal in the early part of the last reign, and that it is now extinct. Nothing could be further from the truth.

The present writer knows of at least one cock-pit in London where the sport is regularly watched almost every Sunday, of another in Birmingham and of a third in Bristol. At all of these three places cock-fights can be seen at certain fixed times.

So much for the "extinction" of this sport in the large towns; in many country districts it has still as strong a hold as ever it had. In the mining parts of Durham and South Wales, in the many villages of the Potteries and the Black Country, and in the North of Ireland there are frequent cock-fights, and large sums of money change hands at each.

A LIVING SPORT.

Naturally these contests are not advertised, and only those who are known to be able to hold their tongues are allowed to be present. To the wiseacres who write encyclopædias, therefore, the sport is a dead letter, but any police inspector in the districts I have named will tell you that it still flourishes, though he endeavours with all his ingenuity to stamp it out.

Fighting cocks are openly bred in many parts of the Midlands, the apparent object of their breeders being to export them to South Africa, Australia, South America or France, in all of which countries the sport is extremely popular and is sanctioned by law. Many of the best birds are duly sent abroad, for the market is a good one, but a large number are kept for home use.

The cloak of the export trade makes the work of the cock-feeder easy, and he is always ready to exhibit his birds to the police and even to the magistrates, whose curiosity sometimes prompts them to pay him a visit. They see his hundred or so of birds, and watch him training them, and, if they suspect that many of them will never cross salt water, they cannot prove anything.

THE TRAINING OF A GAME-COCK.

The training of a fighting-cock is a very elaborate business. For a couple of months before a battle he is fed on nothing but the finest grain and the purest of filtered water, great care being taken that his coop is warm and that his walk is thoroughly clean, so that his feet may be in as sound a condition as possible.

Several times each day he is pitted against a clever old cock, the spurs of both birds being protected by a sort of miniature boxing glove. Even with this safeguard they sometimes give one another very nasty knocks, for a game fowl can deliver a kick of enormous strength.

As the day of battle approaches, the wattle and comb are cut off, as these would afford a tempting hold for the opposing bird; the natural spur is pared down till it is merely a stump, the feathers of the neck are closely cut, and those of the wings are trimmed. The bird is now ready for combat, all that is still needed being the fitting of the spurs.

These are manufactured chiefly in Walsall "for exportation." They are curved in shape, something like a surgeon's needle, and they are made of steel, which is generally plated with silver. Their length is about two inches. These spurs are placed over the natural ones of the bird, a piece of leather attached to them is wound round the leg, and a final bandage of waxed thread keeps the whole contrivance in place.

Every cock has its own particular way of striking, and in the selection and fitting of the spurs the trainer has to allow for this. Close observation of the bird's methods during its practice fights shows him exactly what is wanted, and he can greatly increase its chances by arming it in the proper manner. Conversely he can all but guarantee its defeat by fixing the spurs wrongly, a thing that is sometimes done by an unscrupulous trainer for betting purposes.

The actual combat is generally divided into one main and so many battles.

THE MAIN.

Supposing there are eight birds about to fight, they are divided into four pairs, and one pair is put into the pit. The fight between these two is called a battle, and the surviving bird is removed from the pit and the second pair is put in. So on it goes till the four battles have been fought and there are only four birds left alive. These are again paired off, and two further battles leave only two survivors. Then comes the great tussle. These are pitted, and the survivor of this battle, the only bird left of the eight, is the winner of the main.

One of the most interesting cock-fights ever witnessed by the writer was that which recently took place to decide the rivalry between the counties of Antrim and Derry. There was much trouble in selecting a place of meeting, but at length an island on Lough Neagh was selected as convenient for both parties and fairly safe from the attentions of the police.

On the morning appointed those interested assembled on the banks—about two hundred there were. All the boats near that part of the lough were put into requisition, and we rowed across to the island, where the first battle was promptly begun.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

The third had just been finished when somebody raised the alarm and we all looked across to the shore. There stood half a dozen members of the Irish Constabulary. How they got wind of the affair I never found out. It soon dawned on us, however, that they were helpless to interfere, for all the available boats were moored at the island. When we realised this the fourth battle was begun, and some of the spectators shouted insulting things to the police.

This I suppose put them on their mettle, for they stripped off their tunics and boots, waded into the water and began to swim across. The dividing strip of water was quite narrow, so we saw they would reach the island all right. Our contest had therefore to be postponed. The remaining cocks were bundled into their baskets, and then we scrambled into the boats and pushed off, just as the first policeman set foot on the island.

We were at the moment too fully occupied to appreciate the humour of the situation. The six burly policemen puffing in the water reminded me of a school of porpoises more than anything else.

We rowed across and landed on the other side of the lough, where none of us were caught. The remaining battles were fought a week later in another place, and the championship was duly decided.

NOT SO VERY CRUEL.

On another occasion the police made a raid on a house in Kidderminster where cock-fighting was in progress, and the names and addresses of everyone present were set down in the official notebooks. Then I heard one of the party say to the sergeant:

"Now that you've got our names, let us put the birds down again and finish the battle."

But to this modest request the sergeant was adamant. A visit to the police court followed and we were duly fined, the penalties amounting to just £2 a head for each of us.

The idea is general that cock-fighting is a cruel sport, and it is not fashionable to take the opposite view, but I make bold here to do so.

It is a perfectly natural thing for game-cocks to fight, and they like doing it. If you put a couple of hungry cocks and place them beside a dish of their favourite food, neither will look at it, but both will immediately prepare for combat. They like fighting better than eating, so why should men be forbidden to watch them fight?

That, however, is a point for our lawmakers and not for me. I have seen more than one famous statesman at a cock-fight on the sly, the greater the pity that he does not support it publicly. Meantime the sport will be followed surreptitiously, but it will never play into the hands of the encyclopædias by becoming extinct.

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2/6. They offer to give away 100,000 10/6 Diamond Star Fountain Pens, 1908 Model, for 2/6 each. 2/6.

This Pen is fitted with **14-carat Solid Gold Nib**, iridium pointed, making it practically everlasting, smooth, soft and easy writing, and a pleasure to use. Twin Feed and Spiral to regulate the flow of ink, and all the latest improvements.

One of the letters we daily receive: "Please send me THREE MORE PENS; the half-dozen in use are giving every satisfaction to my friends."

This Marvellous Self-filling Pen, worth 15/-, is offered as an advertisement for 5/6 each.

5/6

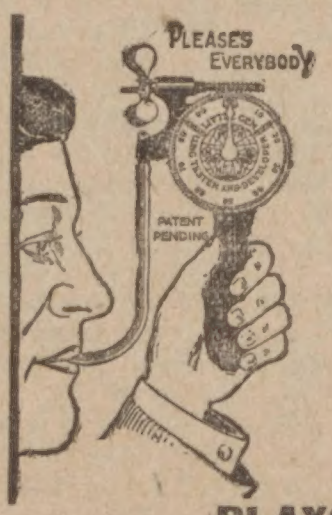
THE SELF-FILLING AND SELF-CLEANING PERFECTION FOUNTAIN PEN.

It is a marvel of Simplicity; it deserves to be popular. It is non-leakable, fills itself in an instant, cleans itself in a moment—a press, a fill—and every part is guaranteed for two years. The Massive 14-carat Gold Nib is iridium pointed, and will last for years, and improves in use. Fine, Medium, Broad, or J points can be had. Is certain to be the Pen of the Future. Every Pen is guaranteed, and money will be returned if not fully satisfied. Any of our readers desiring a really genuine article cannot do better than write to the

14-Carat SOLID GOLD.

Makers: MYNART & Co., Ltd.
(Dept. H), 71, High Holborn, London,
and acquire this bargain. (Agents wanted.)

Lung-Tester.



A clever scientific instrument which accurately records the strength and capacity of the lungs. Use once a day for only 1 minute and you will increase your chest measurement from 1 to 3 inches and your breathing capacity 50 per cent. Strengthens weak lungs and chests. Most interesting and instructive for home party competitions. (Dip mouthpiece in clean water after each person, and there is no danger.) Price **1/-**

Postage 1d. extra. 2 post free for 2s., 3 for 2s. 9d.

PLAYGROUND OF SCIENCE,
20, Albert House, 73, Farringdon Street, E.C.

SWEEPING REDUCTION.

Agents Wanted.

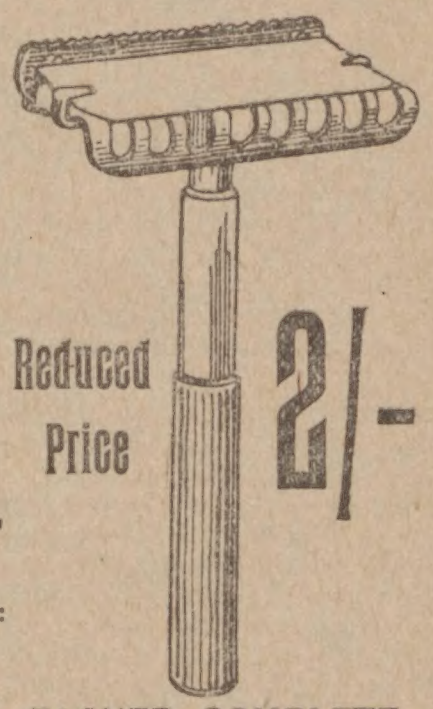
A Magnetic Steel Blade Safety Razor FOR 2/-

Agents Wanted.

Shave in safety, why run the risk of cuts and sore faces when with the greatest ease even the novice may enjoy a comfortable shave without the slightest danger? The old method of shaving is obsolete and dangerous, besides an ordinary razor is not a very handy instrument to carry about, neither is it very safe to leave it exposed. With a safety razor such as is now offered to readers of THE MODERN MAN, you can enjoy a shave even in the dark, with no risk, and with the absolute assurance that you are getting a "clean" shave. The "Ideal" Razor has a telescopic handle, the blade is made from the finest magnetic steel. With ordinary usage it will retain its keenness of blade for months, and it is so easily stropped. The whole razor with telescopic handle complete is fitted in a neat little case, which may be carried with ease in the waistcoat pocket. We are now able to offer this, the "Ideal" razor, at the extremely low price of two shillings, being able to do so owing to the enormous demand and the unlimited facilities we possess of turning them out, but it must be remembered that every single Safety that leaves the works is thoroughly tested before it is issued to the public. In this way we are able to guarantee satisfaction, and have built up our business from the recommendations of those who have experienced the utility and absolute worth of the "Ideal" Safety as supplied by us.

We are making this special offer of a reduced price to readers of THE MODERN MAN for a limited time, after which the former higher price will again be in effect; it is therefore absolutely necessary that you should send your order to-day, as we cannot guarantee how long the present price will be in force. We have just laid aside a certain number for distribution at 2s. in order to make the merits of the "Ideal" more widely known.

FOR A LIMITED TIME ONLY.



Reduced Price 2/-

PACKED COMPLETE IN CASE.

Remember that your MONEY WILL BE RETURNED if you are not thoroughly satisfied.

CAN WE SAY MORE?

Send your order to-day for 2s. and 3 pence postage, packing, etc., and get your Safety before the price is increased. Address:

THE SAFETY RAZOR Co. (Dept. M), 48, Aden Grove, Green Lanes, London, N.

Special Note to Youths and those beginning to Shave.—It is a well-known and acknowledged fact that the best way to stimulate the growth of young hair is to be frequently shaved. With the "Ideal" Safety you run no risks of cutting or of soreness of skin, and you will be surprised how quickly a strong growth of hair will appear on the face if constantly shaved with our Safety.

THE OUTER MAN

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

FREAK CLOTHES.

Most men who take any interest in dress at all will agree that our prevailing fashions might with advantage be very much more picturesque, and we shall be prepared to extend a good deal of sympathy to anyone who comes forward with a really feasible scheme for beautifying men's clothes.

But the inventor of freak clothes can hope for no support. Unless improvements tend either to beautify or usefulness, they will inevitably be banned.

Mr. Edgar Jepson, the novelist, invented some time ago a new garment in which the coat, waistcoat and trousers were all in one piece. His claim was that, by dispensing with buttons and braces, he lessened the daily labour of dressing and saved time. These garments have not, however, been worn by anyone except himself and his son, and I question whether even they are bold enough to do so except in the privacy of their own house.

A year or two ago sandals were introduced and boomed. Children at the seaside wore them and so did Mr. Keir Hardie. In spite of his support (I did not say because of it), the fashion did not catch on. And a good thing too!

A doctor remarked to me the other day that he considered many lives had been lost through wearing sandals. They are a foot covering wholly unfitted for the coldness of this climate. They expose the feet to chills, broken glass and other iniquities.

CUFF ECONOMY.

The necessity of keeping down the laundry bill makes most office workers take considerable care of their cuffs, and rightly so. The cuff is the first part of the shirt to become dirty, and often enough when the cuffs are badly soiled the rest of the shirt is still perfectly clean.

Various contrivances have been invented to lengthen the life of the cuff. One of the neatest is that in which the sleeve is fixed to the middle of the cuff instead of to one edge. The cuff is thus left on a sort of hinge, and, when one edge is soiled, the other can be turned and will present a perfectly clean surface.

The only fault with the scheme is that in turning the cuff you are obliged to bend it round your wrist in the opposite direction from which it has been bent before, and a cuff that has been so turned always bears at the curve a few additional wrinkles as evidence of its turning.

Loose cuffs, fixed with a stud to a small cuff on the shirt itself, were very popular at one time, but they also have been found not quite satisfactory. The loose cuffs had a trick of detaching themselves from the shirt at inopportune moments; and, moreover, the average cuff is sufficiently wide to enable an acute observer to peep up the sleeve and see this economical device.

PAPER PROTECTORS.

Who the genius was who invented the paper cuff protector, history does not relate; but he has done a greater service to humanity than the inventor of the best of our machine guns.

The paper cuff protector has many merits. In the first place, it can be made from the paper which your employer supplies, and it thus forms no item in your budget of personal expenditure. In the second place, it is perfectly frank about its existence. It does not pretend to be the extremity of a clean linen shirt, and, not being pretentious, it can scarcely be barred by the most fastidious. In the third place it is absolutely effective.

To reach its ideal, the paper protector should be cut exactly the width of the cuff and twice as long, the sleeve links should be removed, the protector should be folded and slipped over the cuff, and the sleeve links should then be replaced, being thrust through the paper where it covers the buttonholes and thus keeping the protector in place.

You can make a pair of paper protectors in a moment, so you should not shirk tearing them off at lunch time and making a new pair when you return. Protectors are meant for the office only, and should never be worn in the street or in the train.

The various makes of sleeve lifts, from clips to garters, have pretty well had their day. Their object was to enable the wearer to pull his sleeve up so that the cuff was out of sight, and therefore out of danger of being soiled through being pulled along his desk while writing; but the fact that the cuff was out of sight removed the purpose of the cuff.

You allow the cuffs of your shirt to show, because you have discovered that the rim of white makes your hands seem cleaner and look better, and if you hide this rim of white wherefore should you wear cuffs at all?

A simple little deduction this, but one that has taken many years to penetrate the masculine mind. With the paper protector, on the other hand, the coveted edging of white is left visible, and yet the cuff does not bear the brunt of the day's work.

FAULTS OF THE CAP.

It is felt by many men that a cap lacks that dignity which they consider should be associated with their headgear. I suppose they have some instinctive hankering after the helmets of their ancestors, and such men generally adopt a hat, even for country wear.

To meet their needs, tweed hats have been introduced. They are little more than caps with a soft peak all round, and they form a very excellent protection against bad weather, as the brim hangs limply round the face instead of curling uselessly upwards. Whether they are becoming or not is another matter.

The scantiness of the old skull cap was certainly marked, but the same fault cannot be said to apply to the fuller shapes that the motoring movement has given us. In my own opinion, a cloth motor cap with plenty of stuff in it looks better than a knitted hat.

While on the matter of caps, I think that a common error is for a man to choose a size that is too small for him.

I have heard men remark in hatters' shops that the present full make of cap gave their head an abnormally large appearance, and, to counteract this, they would select as small a size as they could possibly wear.

I have mentally pictured the agonies they must endure till the cloth of that cap stretches or the seams give.

As a general rule, a cap ought to be easy fitting. If it never got wet it would, if easy to begin with, become loose after a week or two's wear, but, as it is certain to get wet from time to time, the shrinkage exactly makes up for the natural giving of the cloth.

BUYING AN UMBRELLA.

In purchasing an umbrella avoid silver mounts, unless you are paying a fairly stiff price. On the cheaper makes of umbrellas the mounts are merely plated, and after a few weeks' use the plating comes off, leaving a tarnished mount which makes your umbrella look shabby however sound and lustrous its cover may still be.

The handle counts for a lot, for even on the wettest days there will be periods when the rain will desist, and you will be carrying the umbrella folded up. The cover then is not observed, and the attention of inquiring people will be directed solely to the handle.

A plain crook is, I am convinced, by far the most useful shape. You may have a handbag, papers, and books to carry, and an umbrella under these conditions is a perfect nuisance unless you can hitch it across your arm. This the crook alone enables you to do satisfactorily.

Crook handles may be of any wood or metal. I have seen some of solid silver which looked particularly well. Another effective kind of crook is that which swells out at the extremity and has this bulbous part studded with silver headed nails.

In buying an umbrella you should give attention to the stitching of the cover next the ferrule; if it has been carelessly done it will become frayed and untidy in a very short time.

The cover will depend wholly upon what you pay for it. I know of no means of selecting a silk cover from amongst those umbrellas whose prices are low.

I should recommend you to get an umbrella having one of those patent metal fasteners which slip over the ends of the spokes when the thing is closed. This does not, of course, dispense with the necessity for rolling up your umbrella and fastening it trimly with the elastic band and button, but it keeps the spokes in position better than anything else I know.

HOW TO LACE BOOTS.

The manner of lacing boots is worth consideration. In some smart infantry regiments the men are compelled to conform to regulations even in this insignificant detail, thus showing the importance attached to the matter by the powers that be.

Civilians will, of course, continue to please themselves. For my part I lace my lighter boots in a succession of overlapping crosses, but with those of heavier make and Derby fronts I run the lace straight across, making a pattern like a miniature ladder. With heavy boots this looks better than the more fancy cross style.

It is worth while being careful not to twist the lace in taking it through the eyelets. A twisted lace always looks untidy and careless, and, in the case of those of leather, twisting spoils them and makes them break.

TIES.

One can be economical in the matter of ties and yet appear to be well furnished in that respect. The most extravagant method of all is to buy a tie and wear it constantly till it is done, and the cheapest plan is to pay a good price for each and run a number at the same time.

The man of fashion will spend half-a-guinea or a guinea on a single tie, but it is not for him I am writing. He is a man who subordinates all things to dress. I and my readers are, I trust, men who dress well and do other things well also. For the average man an expenditure of from half-a-crown to three-and-six should be amply satisfactory in the matter of a tie.

Suppose I were starting afresh and had no stock of ties, I should buy a black one for two-and-six. Black is one of the most useful colours you can possibly have in ties, for it will go with absolutely any suit, and it always looks well, particularly when worn with a neat pearl pin.

My next investment would be a green tie; my next a brown and so on until I had a representative of each of the leading colours. I should then indulge my taste for patterns. Every tie would be of pure silk, for a good silk tie is worth a dozen made half of cotton.

Six years ago I bought a tie which had been woven on a hand loom. It was black of fairly open texture, and here and there it had blue violets outlined upon it. At the present time it looks as well as ever. I have not, of course, worn it consecutively at any period, but I have sported it at least once a fortnight during all these years.

When once you have a stock of ties, it never seems to need replenishing. When you get a new suit you will always find that several of your ties harmonise perfectly with it. With a dozen or so at your disposal you can ring so many changes that your friends lose count of your ties, as they ought to, and imagine that each is a new one.

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When growing Sweet Peas grow only the best. A superb display occupies no more space, takes no more time to cultivate, neither does it cost any more than a poor show. To obtain the very best, send direct to Eckford for your seeds; **but remember they are only genuine when obtained direct from Wem.**

VILLA (B) COLLECTION.
24 Splendid Varieties.
Suitable for Exhibition, 50 seeds of each, **5/6**

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12 Splendid Varieties.
Suitable for Exhibition, 50 seeds of each, **2/9**

A Booklet, giving full particulars on the Culture of Sweet Peas, given with every order.

FREE. Send a postcard for Coloured Illustrated and full descriptive Catalogue containing details of the novelties for this season, and also particulars of all Flower and Vegetable Seeds.

It is sent post free. Write to-day.

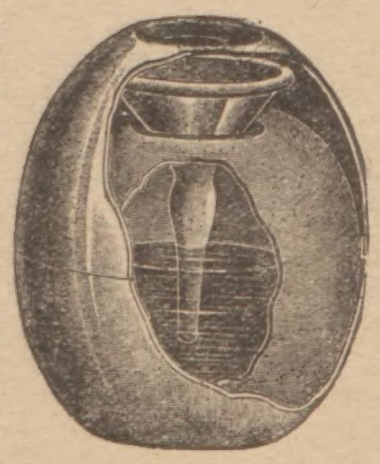
Eckford's Culinary Peas also lead.

Henry Eckford
Sweet Pea Specialist
WEM
SHROPSHIRE

A GREAT NOVELTY.

The "Magic" Safety Inkwell.

Unspillable! Dustproof! Non-Evaporating! Self-Righting!
A Perfect Patent Inkwell for Pocket, Home, or Office Use.



Here is an inkwell that will give you every satisfaction and pleasure in use. Think of an inkwell that if either wilfully or accidentally upset will right itself—an inkwell, in fact, that absolutely refuses to upset and spill its contents. As illustration shows, the shape is that of an egg—hence this inkwell is sometimes called the "Columbus." The outer case is beautifully made of the new untarnishable and featherweight metal, aluminium. The inside container is of rubber, with glass fountain dip, which *allows only a proper supply of ink to be taken at each dip.* The "Magic" Columbus Inkwell is a splendid novelty, and makes a really acceptable present to a person of either sex and of any age. It also recommends itself to every educated person who can appreciate ink free from dust and dirt.

The price is only **1/3** post free. Two will be sent for **2/3**, or three for **3/-** (to separate addresses if desired).

PLAYGROUND OF SCIENCE,

(Patentees and Manufacturers of Scientific Novelties),

80, Albert House, Farringdon St., E.C.

BIRLEY'S PHOSPHORUS

For Brain and Nerves.

IT is an acknowledged fact that a lowered nervous system means a diminished amount of Phosphorus in the Brain. The Brain is the seat of nearly all the Phosphorus that the human body naturally possesses, and it is the presence of this wonderful element in the Brain that enables it to act—to think, to control, to direct our every action, to maintain our health, and to fight against and ward off disease.

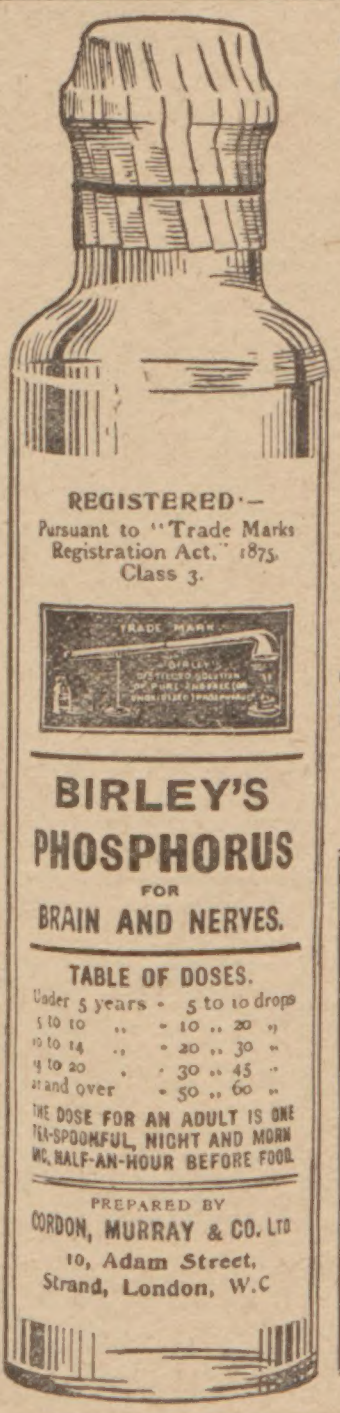
Continued strain on the Brain and Nerves diminishes or uses up the Phosphorus at too great a rate, and when it is below Nature's level there quickly follows one or other of the many nervous troubles so prevalent.

It is self-evident what is required of us—we must feed the brain and nerves, and replace the Phosphorus that we unconsciously squander.

PHOSPHORUS, ***properly*** administered, has very remarkable powers, and is a speedy and safe cure for Neuralgia, Headache, Sleeplessness, Nervous Indigestion, Palpitation, Hysteria, Neuritis, Nausea, Loss of Memory, Faintness, St. Vitus' Dance, Trembling, Vertigo or Giddiness, and those ***vague and undefined nervous conditions*** (all real and distressing to the patient) of Neurasthenia, viz.: Over-sensitiveness, lassitude, ill-temper, vague fears, despondency or depression, morbid forebodings, irritability, restlessness, melancholia, moroseness, general nervous debility, and mental exhaustion, with inability to concentrate the mind.

The human body does not need the ordinary every-day tonics and stimulants—the whips—of the medical world in these circumstances. They have their spheres of usefulness in other directions, but where the nerves are at fault the actual nutrient restorative natural to the system is what is required, viz., Phosphorus. But Phosphorus is not one of those things that can be administered to the human body in a haphazard manner. The only form known to medical science to which can be laid definite claims of certainty of action is that introduced by the late Dr. Samuel Birley, and styled Birley's "Plain" Syrup of Free (or unoxidised) Phosphorus. Distinct from Phosphorus as ordinarily understood and compounded by the chemist, this form is capable of being assimilated—that is, in consequence of its being held in perfect solution by a special process of manufacture, it is certain of entry into the blood-stream, to be carried thereby direct to the brain, the central station of the nervous system, and thus absorbed and established as part and parcel of the brain itself. By this means the brain and nervous system can be fed by the one element they alone are in need of, and so kept definitely in a state of perfect and positive efficiency.

ALL CHEMISTS, &c., 1/1½, 2/6, 4/6.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Class 3.
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BIRLEY'S
PHOSPHORUS
FOR
BRAIN AND NERVES.
TABLE OF DOSES.
Under 5 years - 5 to 10 drops
5 to 10 ,, - 10 ,, 20 ,,
10 to 14 ,, - 20 ,, 30 ,,
14 to 20 ,, - 30 ,, 45 ,,
20 and over - 50 ,, 60 ,,
THE DOSE FOR AN ADULT IS ONE TEA-SPOONFUL, NIGHT AND MORNING, HALF-AN-HOUR BEFORE FOOD.
PREPARED BY
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SEND THIS COUPON D. X. 6
To GORDON MURRAY and CO., Ld.,

10, Adam-street, Strand, London, W.C., with four penny stamps to cover parcel, postage, packing, and despatching, and the generous-sized Trial Bottle, as illustrated (containing a week's supply), will be forwarded by return. If you have previously had one of these Trial Bottles we cannot accept your application for another. Trial Bottles cannot be sent abroad.

Mr. GEO. R. SIMS

TELLS THE STORY OF HIS GREAT DISCOVERY,
THE RENOWNED HAIR RENEWER,

Tatcho

"WHEN I discovered the preparation which is known as 'Tatcho' I found that I had hit upon a remedy capable of working wonders," said Mr. George R. Sims to the Editor of the *Daily Mail*. "Look at my hair now. Look at the colour; isn't that convincing evidence of the value of my preparation? In time people got to know that I had discovered a renewer that had worked wonders in my own case. Then the trouble began.

"Letters in thousands poured in to me from men and women in every quarter of the world, from all parts of the kingdom, from America, India, Africa, China, and Australia. The work of answering the letters was enormous, and as far as possible the desired information was supplied; but it became quite evident that at the rate at which the demand was increasing I should very soon need a large staff of clerks to attend solely to the hair renewer department of correspondence.

"In consequence, I said to myself, Why should this thing go on? If the public wants my hair renewer, the public shall have it; but the demand must be met in the ordinary business-like way. So I resolved to place the genuine article, under the name of 'Tatcho,' which is the Romany word for 'genuine,' within reach of all, and with the assistance of a number of gentlemen, possessing the necessary commercial facilities, that has been accomplished.

"Ladies confirm my good opinion of it as a dressing for daily use. Mrs. Brown-Potter, whose beautiful hair is the admiration of the entire lady world, writes that she uses nothing but 'Tatcho.'"

This is the whole story of the hair renewer discovered by Mr. G. R. Sims.

To undertake the introduction of "Tatcho" to the public a wealthy syndicate was formed, embracing several of the best-known scientific, literary, and commercial names in London, and, under the name of the George R. Sims Company, is introducing **"Tatcho" to the toilet table of every member of the King's vast Empire.**

FOR YOUR HAIR.

I guarantee that this preparation is made according to the formula recommended by me.

Geo R Sims

Tatcho

WHAT SOCIETY AND THE ARMY AND NAVY SAY ABOUT THIS GREAT HAIR GROWER.

DR. COOK ON "TATCHO."

No other treatment can compare with "Tatcho." I have recommended it to hundreds.

Philip H. Cook M.D.

MAJ.-GEN. KEATE ON "TATCHO."

High Croft, Winchester.

I find Mr. Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho" excellent, and better than anything I have ever tried in the course of a long life. I could not have believed that any preparation could do so much good in so short a time.

Ed. Keate
Maj.-Genl.

LADY SYKES ON "TATCHO."

2, Chesterfield Street,
Mayfair, W.

When I first employed Mr. Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho" I had been losing my hair rapidly for a considerable time. After applying "Tatcho" I found a considerable improvement, and this has continued ever since. I cordially recommend "Tatcho."

Jessie Sykes

COL. PERRY ON "TATCHO."

Royal Hibernian Hotel,
Dawson Street, Dublin.

Mr. Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho" is wonderful, and all to whom I recommend it praise it. I hope others have advised the use of "Tatcho" as I have.

E. Perry
Col. Retd.

COL. BACOT CHESTER ON "TATCHO."

Zetland House, Maidenhead.

I well know how valuable Mr. Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho" is.

A. Bacot-Chester

THE NOVELIST "RITA."

I consider you have conferred a boon on members of the great human family by your discovery of "Tatcho." In my opinion it is the only remedy worthy the name of Hair Restorer.

"Rita"

COMR. T. WOLFE MURRAY ON "TATCHO."

Trobridge, Crediton.

I have found Mr. Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho" of distinct benefit to my hair.

T. Wolfe Murray
Commander R.N.

LADY COLLINS ON "TATCHO."

18, Ashburn Place,
Kensington, W.

Lady Collins has been induced to try Mr. Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho" owing to the fact that a near relative of hers used it for a short time, the result being that the hair began to grow fast and thick.

Lady Collins

WHAT "TATCHO" WILL DO.

Do not women of every nation desire to have hair like an English Woman's? Her hair is her chief adornment, but hair to be nice must be nicely treated. Hair must be stimulated to live. Our grandmothers, and even our mothers, knew this so well that hair-brushing was one of the most important features of their toilet. If this attention cannot be given, recourse must be had to a stimulant, and as a stimulant for the hair there is none so safe and so effective as the discovery of Mr. Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho."

"TATCHO" is a brilliant spirituous tonic, the colour of whisky, free from all grease. A sprinkle of a few drops on the scalp works marvels with every head of hair, but more especially with those that have not received their quantum of care.

If you value your appearance—and who does not?—get a bottle of "Tatcho" to-day. It acts as an invigorating tonic. It stops the hair falling, creates a luxuriant growth, and imparts to it a bright and youthful lustre.

It is not a dye, and contains no colouring matter or any harmful ingredient.

The COUPON

FOR A

4/6 Trial Bottle,

TATCHO.

Cut this out.

"TATCHO" COUPON.

Provided this Coupon is sent to the Chief Chemist, "Tatcho" Laboratories, Kingsway, London, we bind ourselves to send one of the large trial bottles of Mr. Geo. R. Sims's Hair Grower "Tatcho," 4/6 size, for the sum of 1/10, post free, in a plain sealed package. This special offer is made solely with the object of enabling the public to prove its superlative value, and to avoid the necessity for extravagant outlay in advertising.

Mr. Geo. R. Sims
M. M. *Hair Restorer Co*